



THE WONDER
BOOK OF ANIMALS





John C. Davis

THE WISE OWLS

THE WONDER
Book of Animals
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



EDITED BY HARRY GOLDING.

SIXTEENTH EDITION

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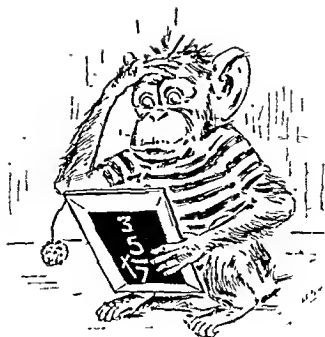
THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY.

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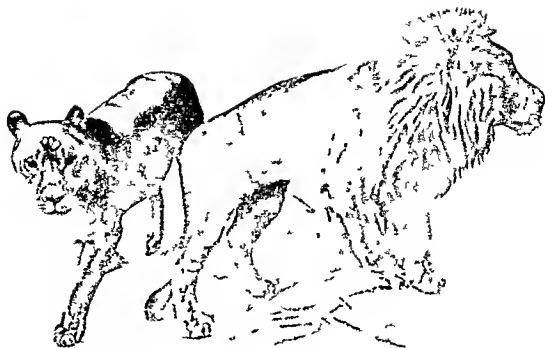
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LION AND LIONESS

Adapted

A Talk with the Lion

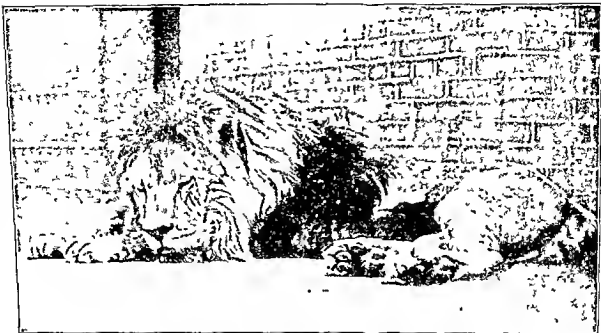
“I WAS not always here, my dears ”

These words, spoken in a deep voice, made Tom and Lucy start. Tom was only ten and Lucy eight, so no one will be surprised that they were a little frightened. Feeding-time was over and they had a hon all to themselves. He had been dozing when they first came near, but the children looked at him now and saw that he was wide awake. The words must have been spoken by him, and though Tom and Lucy knew that lions never speak—all children know that—they still waited eagerly.

“Not always here, my dears,” repeated the voice. This time there could be no mistake. It was the hon.

Tom and Lucy were really under the charge of their uncle, a middle-aged gentleman who had travelled a great deal. He had left the children alone for a few minutes, he had seen so many lions in his time that he thought he would not stop. So he had settled down just outside the hon house for a doze.

“Don’t be frightened, my dears,” the lion growled. “I should like to have a talk with you. I have been silent a very long time,



"HE HAD BEEN DOZING WHEN THEY FIRST CAME NEAR"

[Livy & Sons

and people think I cannot speak. I can't bear to be silent any longer." After a short pause he added: "Some of the others have lived here all their lives. Take the hip-hip-hip——"

"Hurrah!" suggested Lucy.

"No, no, no!" said the lion impatiently. "I mean that crumpled creature who sleeps in a pond and eats grass, ugh!"

"The hippopotamus?" said Tom.

"That's the name," continued the lion. "Well, she was born here; she has never seen the world as I have. Fancy, she has never left Regent's Park! But as for me, I have seen the world—not always here!" He wagged his head proudly.

"Tell us about yourself, hon dear," said Lucy eagerly, "what you are and what you eat, and whether you are really brave, and——"

"Stop!" answered the lion, "no one should ask so many questions at once. It isn't manners."

"I beg your pardon," said Lucy, "but do tell us what you are."

"You know some relatives of mine," began the lion.

"Do you mean our lovely Newfoundland?" Lucy began.

"No," growled the lion angrily, "I mean the cats. Have you one at home?"

A TALK WITH THE LION

"Yes," said Tom, "but Lucy knows more about it than I do. I hate cats."

"Then," cried the lion, "you must hate me, for pussy is a relative of mine. In fact, you should think of me as a very big cat."

"How funny!" said Tom. "Fancy seeing a big cat like you in the street!"

The lion took no notice, but went on—

"I was born in Africa. We live there chiefly nowadays. My people liked best to live on a sandy plain where they could find low bushes and sometimes rocks, or reeds by the banks of streams. You can easily guess why we liked those things."

"Because it was so hot," said Lucy.

"Pooh!" growled the lion. "Did your cat ever catch a bird in your garden?"

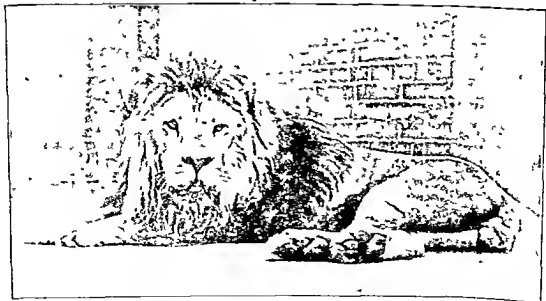
"Yes; often," said Lucy sadly.

"Did he start running at it from the end of the lawn?" asked the lion.

"I see," replied Tom, "you wanted to crouch down in order to capture something."

Lucy shivered and turned pale.

"Well," resumed the lion, "we were hungry, just like hogs and



"HE WAS NOW WIDE AWAKE."

[Lacy & Sons.]

A TALK WITH THE LION

girls, and we had to get food—antelopes, or zebras, or some other creatures."

"Were you never afraid?" said Tom. "Some people say that you are only brave in books about you."

"Cruel! cruel!" growled the lion, "we were never afraid till the two-footed creature with the white face came. Of course we never attacked the elephant or the rhinoceros; but most animals except man we never feared. Man proved too strong for us. It was all the fire which he brought. We are becoming fewer and fewer, and when your hairs are white there may be no more lions in my own land. It is all the fire!"

"What a lovely mane you have!" said Lucy.

"Yes, and my wife is jealous of it; she hasn't one, you see. Where I used to live in Africa it often gets very cold at night and I was glad of my mane, as it kept me warm."

"I'm glad I'm not a lioness," said Lucy. "I wear furs and a muff when it's cold, and Tom can't. Yes, it is nice to be a girl—for some things."

"My uncle," said Tom, anxious to change the subject, "has seen ever so many lions."

"Was that your uncle," asked the lion, "who passed by with you? I thought I knew his face."

"Did you ever see him?" cried the children eagerly.

"See him!" said the lion, "I should think we did."

"Do tell us," they urged.

"It was night-time," he began; "you go out by day to do your shopping. We always go out at night, and we roar, sometimes together. It was a clear frosty night, and we saw in an open space something moving. We crept near and nearer——"

"Like pussy?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, just like pussy," replied the lion, "till we came very near. There were some shrubs, and we were hidden behind them. I remember that we were very hungry. One of those men was your uncle."

Lucy trembled, because she loved her uncle; only after a moment she thought that the lion could not have eaten him.

"We were very near," the lion went on, "and we saw him have his supper, and one by one the others lay down to sleep with their blankets round them. Your uncle was the last, because he made all the others comfortable. I ought to have said that there was a

A TALK WITH THE LION

blazing fire, and the light fell on your uncle's face and he seemed a brave man "

"So be is," said Lucy proudly

"But we were very hungry, and if it had not been for the fire——"

"I am glad," cried Lucy, "there was a fire "

"We simply could not stand fire," the lion added. "However, your uncle wound up his watch, and then he looked at some pictures of his children."



DARTY AND JOAN

[A Lion]

"He has no children," both Tom and Lucy cried.

"Oh, Tom," Lucy said, "perhaps it was you and I when we were tiny babies. How lovely of uncle!"

"Anyhow," resumed the lion, "we had to leave him because of the fire. Just to think that I should see him again!"

"Do speak to him," said Tom, "he is just coming back."

The lion shut his eyes and made no reply. He never spoke to grown-up people

"Well," said the uncle, "have you had enough of Master

A TALK WITH THE LION

Leo? Suppose we have a look at Mistress Leo. You see she has no mane."

But the children were thinking of all they had heard.

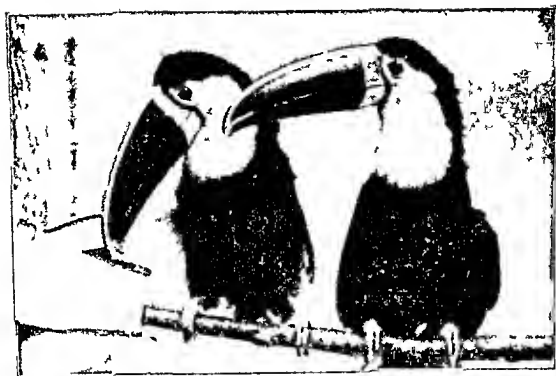
"Oh, uncle," Tom said, "that lion has been telling us *such* things. He says he knows you."

"Dees he!" said the uncle, "tho scamp! I suppose he told you he had seen me in Africa, eh?"

"Yes," replied Tom, "he did, and he spared your life, uncle; one night by the camp-fire you wound up your watch, and——"



LION CUBS FROM THE SUDAN



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LION CUBS FROM THE SUDAN

A CHAT WITH THE HIPPO

At first they had nothing but disappointment. The lion looked as if he had never seen them before. The uncle chuckled. "I suppose," he said, "it is not a talking day, and besides, I am here. When we come to the hippo—if she's out of her tub, I'll promise to take a stroll and leave you. Perhaps her Mightiness will speak."

To the hippo they came. Sure enough, she *was* out of her pond.

"I suppose," said Tom sadly, "hippos can't speak."

"*Why?*" said a lazy deep voice, a little like a grunt.

Tom and Luey were startled, but they had presence of mind to reply:

"We never heard of you speaking."

"People don't know much about me," she drawled. "Take my name. It means river-horse. But I am not a horse. How many toes have I got?"

"Four," said the children.

"Has a horse got four toes?" asked the hippo triumphantly.

He paused, and then said with a polite grunt—

"You know some relatives of mine."

"That is exactly what the lion said," remarked Tom.

"Well," resumed the hippo. "What of that? Nobody can choose his relatives. Mine is the pig."





"SHE ISN'T REALLY PRETTY, IS SHE?"

A Chat with the Hippo

A FEW days after their talk with the lion, when breakfast was over, Tom was trying to teach Lucy to play cricket. He thought it best—boys always do—to teach by example; Lucy howled, he hatted, and the dog fielded. It was rather slow, and Lucy was very glad when their uncle appeared. Tom shouted—

"Hip-hip-hip-popotamms!"

"Just so," said uncle, "you had such a good time with that lion—wicked rascal!—that I thought we ought to have a run along to the Zoo. I have some business near; would you care to come?"

Before the words were out of his lips the children had scampered away, and in five minutes they were ready.

"You see," repeated the uncle, "you are evidently such favourites that it is a pity you shouldn't have another chat. The animals never speak to hardened old uncles. They will never speak to you when you grow up; mind you make the most of the present."

In half an hour they had passed through the turn-stiles, hought some huns, and were in the midst of that fairy-land which all children love, whether they are young or old.

A CHAT WITH THE HIPPO

"I was going to say," reported Tom, "that you have a very big mouth."

"Haven't I?" said the hippo with pride. "I don't suppose you have seen a bigger mouth. Look at my teeth." She showed her teeth.

"Sometimes I look very fierce and profound to frighten the keeper. But he doesn't mind, we are very good friends. I think I have a very good mouth, but of course you know what I eat?"

"The hon told us," Tom answered

"Oh, did he?" the hippo said coldly. "He is only a little fellow, but he is very proud. He needs all kinds of meat to keep his little body going, but look at me!"

'They looked

"Would you believe," said the hippo, "that I don't touch meat?"

"Do you feed," they asked, "only on grass and that sort of thing?"

"My fathers," she began to explain, "used to have their meals at night. They crept out of the river and into all the grass near. If I lived near to you, I could save you the trouble of cutting the grass."

She paused for a minute and seemed very thoughtful, at least for a hippo.

"But you have told us," Lucy said, "all about your people; what about yourself? The lion said you were born here."



"LOOK AT MY TEETH!"

(97-8) *Lactuca perfoliata* P. H. R.

A CHAT WITH THE HIPPO

"The pig!" exclaimed Lucy, "are you really a big pig? Tom isn't allowed to call me that"

"Yes," replied the hippo, "but a very, very big one with a long family history Would you like to hear about my people?"

"Rather," said Tom

"Inland, where it is very hot," she began, "a long, long way from here they live They always like rivers"

"So you are a river-something or other," said Tom

"Yes, a river-pig," explained the hippo, "we can stay under the water without coming up to the top for a quarter of an hour. If you had a boat and were rowing out from shore I might be underneath, and then I could lift you up, what would you think about that?"

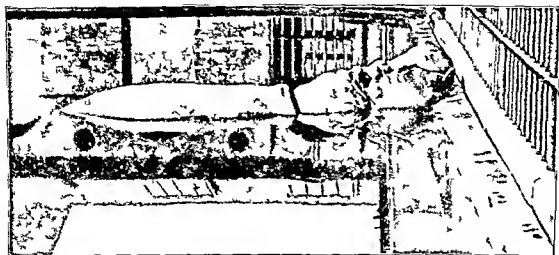
"But when you want to breathe," asked Tom, "does your head come up altogether?"

"Look," said the hippo, and she plunged into the pond, all except her eyes and nostrils Tom and Lucy saw at once that these were on a level, so that she could see and breathe with only her eyes and nostrils out of the water

"You see," explained the hippo, "it would never do for a big thing like me to let my enemies see much of me, or else some one like that uncle of yours might hurt me My people loved the great trees by the river-side"



A CHAT WITH THE HIPPO



THE PATH

[P. O. Lark]

Long before man lived on the earth great monsters stalked about
All is changed now, and very few of these great creatures are left,
but the hippo and the rhino and the elephant all seem to tell tales of
those very ancient times "

" Well," said Lucy, as they went home, " I shall always like the
hippo after this "



FIGMA HIPPOPOTAMI

[Fleet Agency]

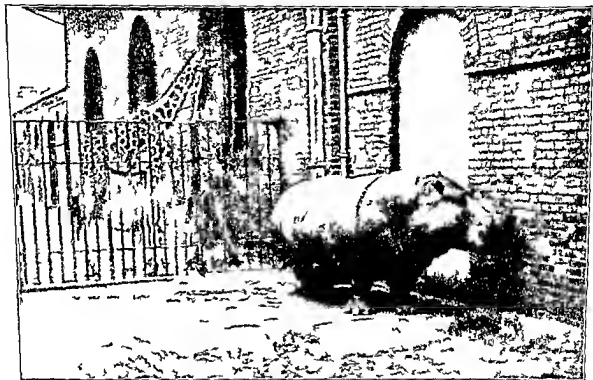
Among the rarest of animals. These are not babies but fully grown.

A CHAT WITH THE HIPPO

"So I was," said the hippo, with a grunt which was meant for a sigh. "It is my trouble. I am very well treated, but I want sometimes to see the trees and the river and——"

Here she became silent and moved away sadly. Strange thoughts had come to her. Tom and Lucy were watching her so eagerly that they did not see their uncle, who had come back for them.

"Well," he said, "did *she* know me and spare my life?"



AFTER LUNCH.

"No," cried Tom. "Oh, uncle, she feels it very much that she can't go to Africa."

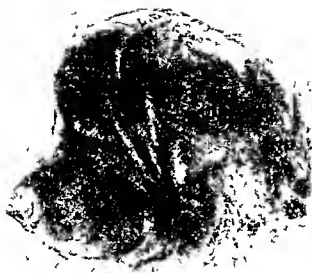
"Does she, though," he answered, "so she has been talking to you 'Lucky children'?"

"Yes," replied Lucy, who was still rather sad, "I am so sorry for her, she is very nice, but she isn't really pretty, is she, uncle?"

"Not exactly," he answered, "but she looks better by the river-bank. She sits in there. I am myself rather fond of these big clumsy monsters."

"Why?" asked Tom.

"Because," he said, "they carry us back to very old times."



THE NEWFOUNDLAND

[T. Fall]

Some Favourite Dogs

THE NEWFOUNDLAND

HERE is a splendid animal who has done many a brave deed. He can swim well, and, without being asked, he will plunge into water to rescue children and others from drowning. At Finchley, in the North of London, is a monument erected to a dog. He had saved three children, and, although tired and panting, he went in again to fetch the last one. Before he could reach the little girl he sank, thus giving up his own life for others.

These dogs were first found on the island of Newfoundland; that is how they get their name. They love to be useful. You can often see a dog carrying a basket or a walking stick in his mouth. In his own country a Newfoundland dog will draw a sledge piled up with wood from the forest to the towns on the coast. So clever are these doggies that they need no driver or guide. They trot along merrily with their loads, and will return to the forest with the empty sledge for more wood.

Our Visit to the Zoo

WHEN we went to the Zoo
We saw a gnu,
An elk and a wheelk
And a wild emu.

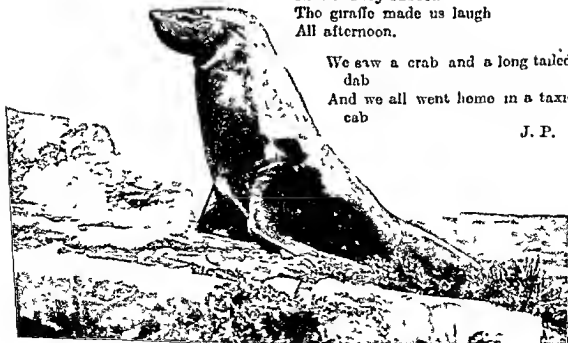
We saw a hare
And a bear in his lair
And a seal have a meal
On a high-backed chair.

We saw a snake
That was hardly awake,
And a lion eat meat
They'd forgotten to bake.

We saw a coon
And a baby baboon
The giraffe made us laugh
All afternoon.

We saw a crab and a long tailed
dab
And we all went home in a taxi-
cab

J. P.



THE SEA LION

[Alfred]

Sea lions are distinguished from seals by having small outer ears while the seals have only the hidden inner ears



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WIRE HAIRED FOX TERRIER.

[7 Feb.

It is strange that dogs do not bark unless they have lived with man. A wild dog will howl, but he will never bark. It is thought that the dog learns to bark because he tries his best to talk like human folk. Yet the Newfoundland dog seldom barks in his own country, even when living with man. He is a big dog, with a black and white curly coat and a large head. He is as brave as a lion and as gentle as a lamb.

THE FOX TERRIER

Who does not know the sprightly little fox terrier? He makes one of the best pets a boy or girl can have. He is very intelligent and will learn any number of tricks. This terrier is a great "sport" and is never so happy as when looking for rats, rabbits or hedgehogs. He is, moreover, an excellent house-dog and not at all friendly to tramps and beggars.

There are two varieties of fox terriers the smooth-coated and the wire-haired. The coat of the wire-haired terrier is longer and much more stiff and bristly than that of the smooth-coated, in form and other characteristics the two breeds are very similar. They are

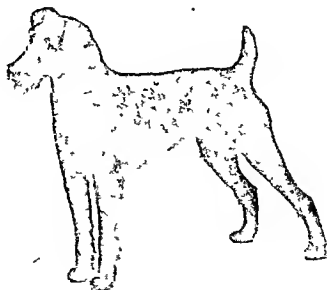
SOME FAVOURITE DOGS

white, but often have black and brown markings on the head and body. They are known as fox terriers because, when a fox has gone to "earth," the huntsmen put them down the hole to chase the fox out again, and so enable the hounds to continue the chase.

THE IRISH TERRIER

This fine fellow, with his wicked, knowing look, is an Irish terrier. His hair is a reddy-brown, the colour of red pepper, and he is very hot-tempered accordingly. He is ready to wage war with any dog he meets, and does not know fear. Foolish he may sometimes be, for his rashness gets him into all sorts of scrapes, but a coward never. Even when asleep he fights his battles over again in dreams, and will growl with rage and snap his teeth, just as if awake.

Like most other dogs, he is able to find his way about in a wonderful manner. Here is a true story of a dog whose master had taken him on a visit to a large seaside town. On arriving, the two wandered around the strange streets until the man was lost utterly. "Take me home!" he ordered the dog, and away went his four-footed friend,



IRISH TERRIER.

SOME FAVOURITE DOGS

at a smart pace, through street after street, in a part of the town where neither had been before, until he had led the way right to the hotel. The master afterwards found that the dog had chosen quite the shortest way.



POINTERS

(W. Reid)

Sometimes an Irish terrier will display a liking for money. Once a dog found a two-shilling piece that his master had dropped. He kept it in his mouth for hours, until the owner came home at night, when he laid it at his feet.

Dogs can be seen at some of our chief London railway stations with collecting boxes tied round their necks or on their backs. These dogs love to trot down a busy platform shaking their boxes, and most children are delighted to put something into the box. The money so collected is used to help little fatherless boys and girls.

THE POINTER

Why is he called a pointer? Sportsmen take this dog when they go shooting. He has a wonderful nose, and as soon as he smells game ahead he creeps up to within a short distance of the birds, then stands stock

SOME FAVOURITE DOGS

still with one fore-foot lifted, his nose pointing straight at the game and his tail sticking straight out behind, so that the men with the guns know where the birds will rise. The coat is smooth and short and is usually white, with black or brown markings. The two dogs in the picture are on the moors waiting for their master to begin his shoot.



WEST HIGHLAND TERRIER

(W. End.)

ABERDEEN AND WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS

In the picture on p. 29 are some dogs almost similar in size and shape to the West Highland terrier shown above, but they are brown or black in colour. The dark kind is called an Aberdeen and the white a West Highland terrier. They really both had the same ancestors, and were used in the old days for chasing foxes, otters, badgers and wild cats among the wild mountains of Scotland. No wonder they are so full of sport and mischief!

These little dogs, with



BLOODHOUND

(Illustration of Bloodhound)

SOME FAVOURITE DOGS



DEERHOUNDS

[W. Leal]

merry eyes and sharply pricked ears, thoroughly enjoy a scamper over the wild country with boys and girls, and they love to chase *anything*. They will sometimes pick a quarrel with dogs two or three times their size, and often emerge triumphant !

THE BLOODHOUND

You know the worried look a puppy often wears, with wrinkles all over his face ; a bloodhound, even when quite grown up, always carries these folds of loose skin on his forehead. He has a wonderful power of scent and can track a man even though the trail is many hours old ; the police find him very useful in following criminals.

The dog is shown some article of clothing belonging to the person to be found, or something that person has touched. The bloodhound just smells the article, then casts around with his nose to the ground until he picks up the scent, when he starts away at a steady pace. As soon as he comes close to his quarry he begins to bay, as if saying to the man who is holding his lead, " Come, hurry along, or we shall miss him ! "

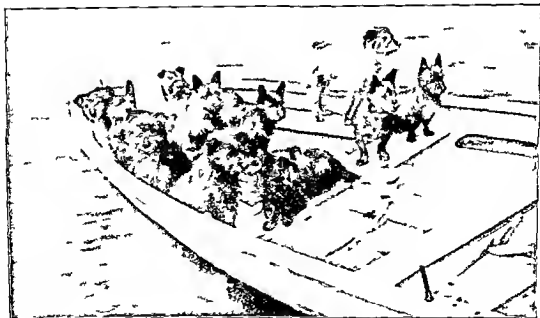
SOME FAVOURITE DOGS

THE DEERHOUND

As his name implies, this dog was, in days gone by, used for hunting deer. He belongs to the class of *gaze-hounds*, which means that he does not hunt by scent, as do most dogs, but uses his eyes only. His coat is fairly long, rather coarse, and a brownish-grey in colour. The deerhound has long legs and can run very fast. One of his chief beauties are his eyes, which are nearly as soft and dreamy as those of the deer he used to hunt.

THE SPANIEL

There are several breeds of spaniels, all have long bodies, with rather short, strong legs. You can always recognise a spaniel by his ears, which are long and covered with long and curly hair. The coat, too, is long, curly, beautifully silky, and generally black, brown, or brown and white in colour. He is a very affectionate and clever dog and can be taught many tricks, but he is chiefly used as a sporting dog, being specially good at retrieving duck from the water. The two spaniels in the picture on page 32 seem to be saying to themselves, "Those are our ducks, touch them if you dare!"



TERRIERS

[W. Rod.



[Donald McLeish]
ST BERNARD PUPPIES.

THE SAINT BERNARD

Our pictures show this dog in his original home, the famous Hospice of Saint Bernard. There he is used for "first-aid" work in the snow on the Swiss mountains. His keen sense of smell enables him to scent out travellers who have been buried in snowdrifts, and he then guides the rescue party to the spot. Very many lives have been saved by these sagacious dogs. One of our pictures shows the

famous "Turo," who at one time and another saved thirty-five lives. Although the Saint Bernard is a big dog, about three feet high at the shoulder, he is, as a rule, very docile and good-tempered, and a great favourite with children.

THE GREAT DANE

As may be seen from the picture, these big dogs are not so fierce and dangerous as they look, in fact, they are generally most docile and friendly,



[Donald McLeish]
THE FAMOUS DOG TURO WHO ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS,
RESCUED THIRTY FIVE PERSONS.



THE PRIOR OF THE ST. BERNARD HOSPICE AND A ST. BERNARD PUPPY.

(Donald McLean)

SOME FAVOURITE DOGS

friends are the dog and the shepherd. In winter, heavy snowstorms will sometimes descend rapidly on a flock of sheep on the mountain side. The poor sheep try to shelter beside rocks and bushes, and sometimes are quite hidden in the deep snow. "Seek them, boy," says the shepherd; and away goes the dog over the snow. At last he stops and sniffs. Yes, he is not mistaken! From place to place he goes, and wherever the dog scrapes with his paws the shepherd and his men dig into the snow and find a sheep. In this way the whole of the flock is rescued.

It is a curious fact that collie dogs will often show special likes and dislikes for certain things. One of these dogs was known to go long distances by himself in order to walk to the cemetery with a funeral procession. Another doggie left his home and his master to follow some Highland soldiers wherever they went. Perhaps he liked the music of the bagpipes.

Nature provides the collie with his thick rough coat that he may stand the cold without taking harm. A little Italian greyhound could not possibly live on the bleak mountains as a collie can. Even the hardy little smooth-coated terrier would have to grow a thicker coat of fur. You will find that Mother Nature always provides the dog with the kind of coat most needed in the climate of the country where he lives.

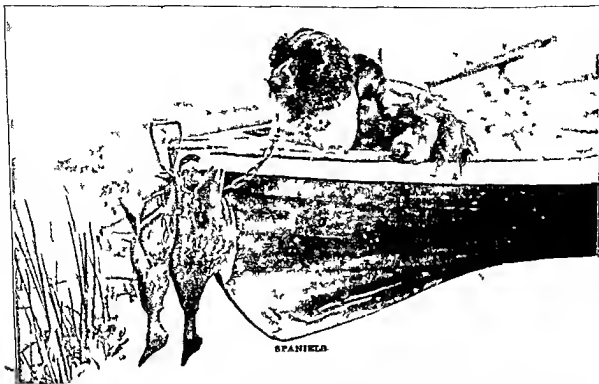
THE BOB-TAILED SHEEP DOG

As this doggie has no tail we must make up one about him, but it will



GREAT DANES.

SOME FAVOURITE DOGS



SPANIEL

although bad-tempered dogs are now and again met with. The great dane is very strongly built, and is often more than a match for any two men who happen to be leading him, when he wishes to go *his* way, not theirs! The hair is short and close, in colour it is "brindled" or, more popular nowadays, "harlequin," that is with black, brown or grey patches on a white ground, as in our picture.

As the name implies, the great dane originally came from Denmark, where his ancestors were used for hunting wolves, bears and other wild animals.

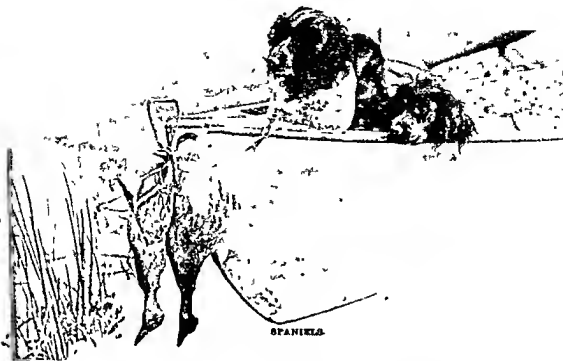
THE COLLIE

Everybody loves the Scottish collie with his handsome coat, his deep fur collar and his beautiful eyes. The collies come from the North, and are seen at their best when minding sheep on the mountains. The collie dogs we see in London, or any town, are not so cute as their brothers in the country. Without practice, dogs lose their powers and some of their intelligence. In Scotland the shepherd's collie has done wonderful things. Like the shepherd, he knows every sheep, and at the bidding of his master will single out one sheep from all the others and bring it to the shepherd. What is more, the sheep themselves soon learn that they must obey the dog. The older the sheep are the less trouble will they give for they know their best.



WAITING FOR BENJAMIN

SOME FAVOURITE DOGS

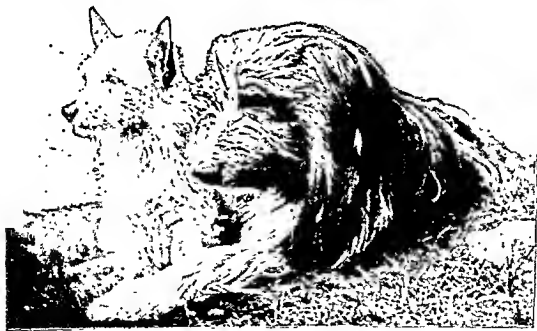


although bad-tempered dogs are now and met with. The great dane is very strongly built, and is often more a match for any two men who happen to be leading him, when wishes to go *his* way, not theirs! The hair is short and close; in fact, it is "brindled" or, more popular nowadays, "harlequin," that with black, brown or grey patches on a white ground, as in our

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SOME FAVOURITE DOGS

be a true tale for all that. He, like the bulldog, is English. Competitions, or matches, are sometimes held to test the powers of the sheep-dog. This is how the trial takes place. In the middle of a large field, a small pen or sheepfold is made with some hurdles. The fold has one narrow entrance. In the next field half a dozen sheep will be placed. The dog is then shown the sheepfold in one field and the sheep in the other, and is told by the shepherd to "Bring them in!" The shepherd may help the dog by calling to him, but he does not go into the fields himself. It is a fine sight to see the clever way the dog will gather the sheep together. He quickly drives them through the gate into the other field. Then the difficult part begins. The sheep try to break away and will run in all directions. Patiently old hob-tail brings them together again, for well he knows he must not frighten them. Yard by yard he works them along towards the fold. The sheep try to rush past the entrance, but the dog is prepared for that, and is already on the other side. Crowding them together by the entrance one of the sheep will run into the fold to escape the pushing: another follows and another, until all are in. Could you see Bob-tail's face then you would see it was actually smiling with satisfaction at a good piece of work well done.



WEST HIGHLAND TERRIER AND ROUGH HAIRIED COLLIE.

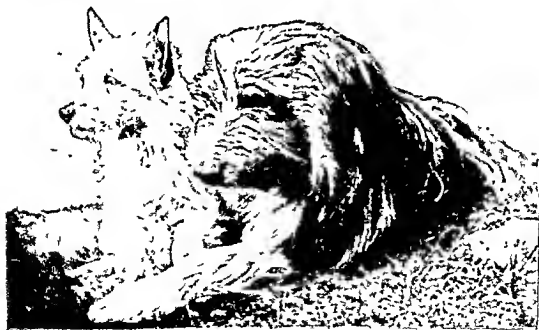
(17) R.H.L.



NEWFOUNDLANDS

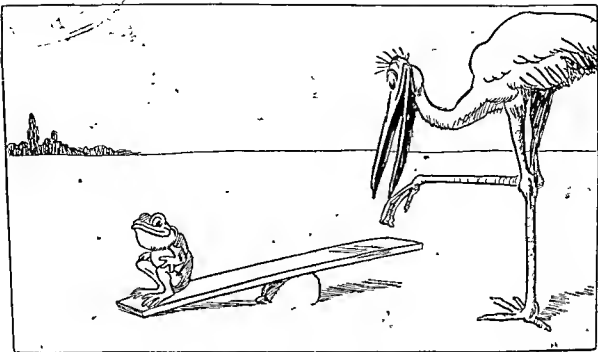
SOME FAVOURITE DOGS

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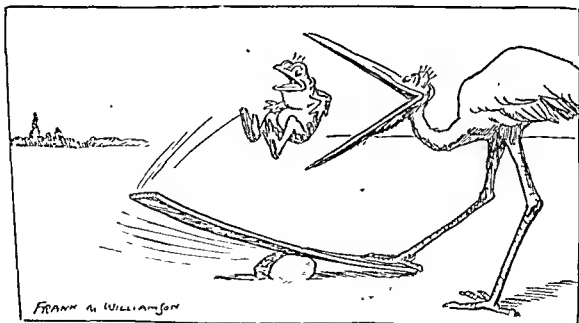


WEST HIGHLAND TERRIER AND ROUGH HAIRIED COLLIE.

17 End



ACT I.



ACT II.

THE SEE-SAW.

DIARY OF A MONKEY

AT THE ZOO.



I WILL pass over my journey from India to this place, during which I was treated as no monkey ought ever to be treated, being crammed into a wooden box, with netting in front, in a manner very unbefitting my place in the animal creation. But all things have an end, even cocoa nuts, and: one fine morning, I was taken out and placed in a large cage at the Zoo.

My surroundings were quite strange to me, but I had hardly time to look round before I saw several of my own species, who seemed to look at me in a very inquisitive manner. One monkey came up and tweaked my ear. I flew after him, and nearly caught him, but he went scampering up the wires of the cage, thus taking a mean and unfair advantage of me, for, of course, I was not used to them.

I thought my quarters very bare, just a few ropes and swings and bars, with a handful of straw and sawdust on the floor. There was one tree, but it was on the wrong side of the wires for me to climb. I thought it most unkind to bring me all the way from India to such a place.

After a time, people began to arrive, and I had a chance of seeing those queer creatures who have nothing better to do than to bring us all this way and put us behind bars and stare at us. They were of all sorts and sizes, and it was enough to make any monkey laugh to see the way they were dressed. One monkey told me that it was a "chorp day," and that we were in for a lively time. A lot of these people had red faces and funny whiskers, and carried big bags. I thought they must have something for us, but all they did was to stand and laugh and poke through the wires, while they would call out, "Now then, Tommy, don't go too near," or "Take care,

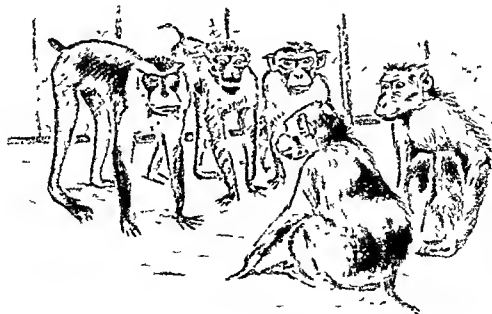
THE DIARY OF A MONKEY

Jim, you'll get bitten." "Isn't he just like an old man," one of them said, but it was well he did not say it of me, or I should have been angry.

The people seemed to think we could eat monkey nuts all day long, with no variety, and I detest the horrid things. The noise the people made gave me a headache, and, this being my first day in the place, I was not sorry when night came. I slept very well, considering the old hahoon was coughing half the night.

Tuesday. I had learnt my way about by this time. I fell upon the monkey who pinched my ear yesterday, and after a brief bout in the catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling, gave him something to remember me by, though I did not succeed in getting my foot into his mouth as I wanted to. I was feeling very hungry when the keeper put into our cages some bread and sop—not had stuff. I was quite ashamed of the other monkeys; they rushed and scrambled for the food in such an ill-bred manner. As for me, I went up quietly, and, finding there was hardly enough room, I just pinched the monkey next but one to myself, and he went for his neighbour, thinking he had done it. That disposed of two, and I could then get in.

There was one big and ugly monkey in our cage. "What business has he to be in with us?" we asked, so we went up to him, barking



"THEY LOOKED AT ME IN A VERY INQUIRIOUS MANNER."

THE DIARY OF A MONKEY



WE WENT UP TO HIM BARKING AND SCREAMING

and screaming and "ragged" him so that he came after us. Then we scattered in all directions. I climbed up the wires and took a flying leap on to a rope. The enemy was, however, ready for me and if another monkey had not come behind and pulled his tail, I should have fared badly. As it was I escaped with a few scratches.

One of the visitors gave me a piece of glass, at least there was glass on one side, but I could not make anything of it. I saw a face like mine in it, and held it a way off, and it was still there but the back was blank. It was very puzzling. I felt rather had this afternoon—think it must have been a peppermint drop I had given to me yesterday, which did not agree with me. Chased another monkey up the wires and felt better. This place should be made a bit warmer, for really, after coming from India, one cannot get used to the fogs and damp.

Wednesday The spider monkey was put in our cage this morning. His tail was a wonder and he was all the time coiling and twisting it about. He would beg for food from the people as though starving. I am sure I had only half an apple, some nuts and an ounce or so of sweets in my cheek pouches yet he came up and prevented some people from giving me more, taking it himself which was very annoying.

The old baboon was looking very sour in his cage, with his hair

THE DIARY OF A MONKEY

all stuck up on end, just as though his dinner did not agree with him. "Disagreeable old thing," I thought, and going up to the wires of his cage, I made faces at him and poked straws through. You should have seen his jaw drop and his eyes sparkle, and the state of excitement he got into. All the people flocked up when they heard him, for he made no end of a row, harking dreadfully and springing about in his cage. It was a most absurd fuss to make.

I do not often come in for a good thing, but I thought I had this afternoon when I spied some beautiful fruit in the hat of a woman who was stooping down to look at another monkey. The fruit looked very tempting and I thrust out a hand and



THE OLD BABOON WAS LOOKING VERY SOUR.



"THE FRUIT WAS NOT AT ALL NICE."

grasped a lot of it. The woman screamed and all the people round burst out laughing, though they seem to laugh at any silly thing. I put some of the fruit in my mouth, but how funny it tasted, not at all nice, and the colour all came off. Our total "bag" to-day was a yard of ribbon, some lace, three handkerchiefs, a few pieces of string and some sandwich paper.

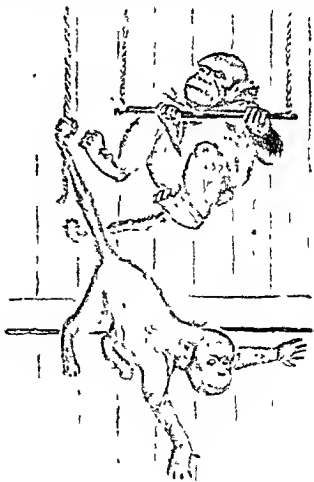
Thursday A lot of schoolboys came in to-day, and the noise they made was simply disgraceful, whooping and shouting, and poking us about. They

THE DIARY OF A MONKEY

gave one monkey a reel of cotton, which he kept on untwining, and made himself look very foolish. He stuck out his hands and the cotton went winding round and round his body till he had tied himself in a regular knot. Then he went capering up and down the cage and all the people were in fits of laughter about it.

Among the visitors was a man with a big box, out of which he took an instrument with a tube-like arrangement, which had glass at the end. He pointed this at us, and I thought perhaps it might be something dangerous. The more we rushed about the more he got excited, and he went away looking very cross. I afterwards learned that he was what is called a photographer, and that it is his business to perform in that manner. I am getting a little used to the people now, and their strange ways, such as feeding us at all hours of the day, just as though

we were starving. It's a wonder I am as well as I am after eating cheap sweets, weevily monkey nuts, stale crusts and sour apples, all on the top of each other. One of the monkeys was taken bad this afternoon, through partaking of this class of fare, I suspect. This monkey told me how in his early years he had been in a gentleman's family, and he was so clever that he had been taught to wait at table. Then he said how he had seen his master shaving, and thought he would like to shave himself, but first experimented on the family cat, which did not seem to like the touch of the razor. Having watched them light a



"THEY WERE TWISTING ABOUT LIKE CIRCUS PERFORMERS"

THE DIARY OF A MONKEY



"ASKING FOR MORE."

lamp once, he tried to light some other things and caused a nice little bonfire in one of the rooms. Just for fun, he would hide the towels in the coal-cellar, and, one afternoon, in the back garden, he had slipped along the clothes line when the clothes were hanging out to dry, and had taken away the pegs, which had caused all the clothes to fall to the ground. In consequence of these and other things, he got himself rather disliked, and at last he was sent to spend his last days in the Zoo.

I dreamt to-night that some one was running pins into me, and woke to find a big monkey pulling me about and examining me. He was too big for me to tackle, but after a time he left me alone.

Friday. It was a wet morning and I did not rise till about eleven o'clock, which was quite early enough. I could not help noticing the behaviour of two small Capuchin monkeys in the side cage opposite. They were turning themselves over violently, twisting about, and juggling with the food tin, just as though they were vulgar circus performers. It looked just as though they wanted to get something extra from the people. You would not catch me lowering myself to do anything of that sort. The best of it was that they only got one nut—a had one—for all their trouble.

I also saw a young haboon standing upright in the most foolish manner, with his arms thrust down and his fingers stretched out, as though asking for more. I made a grab at one of the visitors who had two glasses in front of his face (wonder why he wanted them), but just missed. "One for you," the people called out, and then burst into laughter, making me feel very angry. What irritating creatures they are! The monkey who was ill yesterday was no better to-day, and I tried the plan of jumping on his chest, but that did not seem to revive him. By and by the keeper came in and removed him. It was very dull here to-day, but when it got dark we had some fun,

THE DIARY OF A MONKEY

as I felt rather lively. A lot of monkeys were huddled in a group, and I would climb up and suddenly drop on them, making them scream, or pull their tails just when they were going to sleep.

Saturday. I had the miseries this morning, and felt ready to yawn my head off. I have had enough of the Zoo. It's poor sport after India, where we used to climb the trees and pelt each other with cocoa-nuts. I am badly in need of a change, and this seems to be the case with the other monkeys, many of whom are beginning to look seedy. The visitors, too, are getting a bit tiresome. I seized hold of a small boy's finger, as he was actually offering me a piece of bread and butter, and gave it a pinch which made him start. Then they said, "Oh, the naughty, spiteful creature!" as if it were likely I should stand that sort of thing.

They say that some one has been out to study our monkey language. Now, if he would only come to me, I would be able to help him, and very likely he would be startled to hear what I think of his fellows.

It seems to amuse the people when we are looking each other over. "Did you ever see anything like it?" they exclaim, and then titter. This afternoon I saw three monkeys examining a species they had never seen before, but I have got beyond taking an interest in anything. I shall be glad when I leave the Zoo, and my label is removed from the cage, for I think going round with an organ-grinder must be much better than the life here.

OLIVER RANSOM.

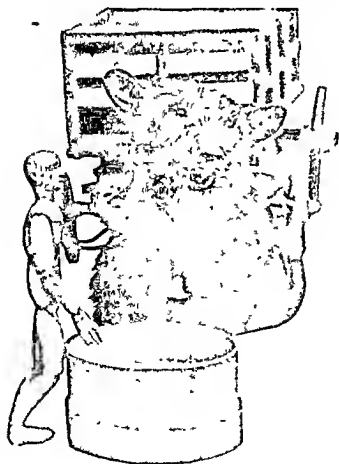


Horse and Driver

(Photos by O. J. L. Clarke)

A LITTLE Scot in coat of brown,
A little painted wagon,
A little driver-man of wood,
Who downhill puts the drag on.

All bright and early in the morn,
He harnesses his Nancy ;
And everyone who sees them pass
Exclaims, " How cute ! Just fancy ! "

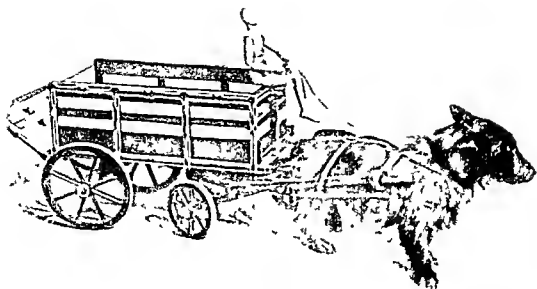


But horse and driver trot
along,
And never stop to chatter ;
They've such a lot of goods to
take
That other things don't mat-
ter.

For Mrs. Brown has ordered
flour,
And so has Mrs. Harley ;
And if their things don't come
in time,
They'll scold both Nance
and Charlie.

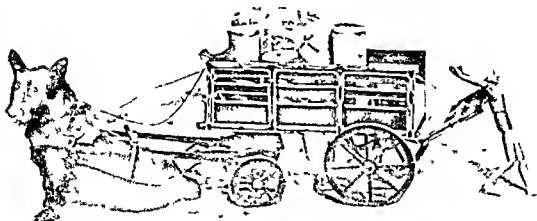
But when their round is done
at last,
They dine, both man and
pony,
And Nancy has a rest on
grass,
After the road, so stony.

HORSE AND DRIVER



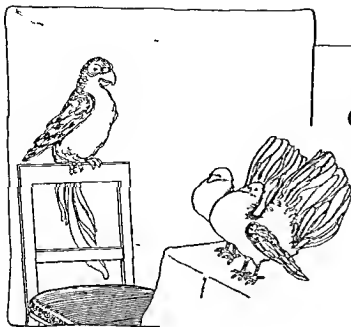
Then in the evening, sweet and cool,
They jog to home and stable,
As pleased as Punch, for both have worked
As well as they are able

E D. FARRAR.





AT BAY.



The Pigeons' Christmas Day

IT was Christmas Eve and bitterly cold. Poor Mr. and Mrs. Fantail Pigeon sat crouching in their new home, the picture of woe and misery. Poor things, they felt very cold and home-sick. They had only arrived the day before at their northern home from a nice warm place in the south of England, and they were far from pleased with the change.

Mr. Pigeon spoke as hopefully as he could to cheer his young wife. He told her that there really *was* a large and pretty garden down below, if she would only put her head outside the door and look. But nothing would persuade her to make the attempt; so her attentive husband spent the day in trying to warm her, and made love to her in his pretty cooing fashion.

As he sat silently there Mr. Pigeon had time to examine his new home well. It was certainly roomy and comfortable, with plenty of fresh hay on the floor—that was a blessing! The house, he noticed, was perched very high on two stout iron bars against the wall of a large house. Through the open door he had a peep sideways into a large cosy room which seemed to be always full of little children, who constantly ran to the window and banged the panes with their small fat hands. Two or three times the window had been opened by a tall dark lady, who helped to scatter corn on a large wooden platform fixed to the sill. At these times Mr. Fantail Pigeon heard strange sounds coming from a corner near the window—sounds of miauling cats, cackling hens, and barking dogs, which filled him and his timid

THE PIGEONS' CHRISTMAS DAY

little wife with terror, and at the same time with curiosity to know whence these strange sounds came. But nothing would induce poor Mrs. Pigeon to allow her husband to fly to the platform to satisfy either his curiosity or his hunger. Life seemed very cold and dreary indeed just at present, but Mr. Fantail Pigeon was much too devoted and unselfish a husband to make any fuss.

The hours passed slowly by; they seemed endless, but at last Mr. Pigeon's patience was rewarded. The window was suddenly thrust open, two little heads peeped out, and a little voice cried:

"You dear pigeons, do come and eat your corn, you will starve soon! We are going to spend the day with Grannio, and you must eat something before we come back. It is Christmas Day and you *must* be happy. Jacko and Tommy will take care of you whilst we are gone, so don't be frightened." Then the heads disappeared.

This was comforting, and after a good deal of gentle persuasion Mr. Fantail Pigeon induced his little wife, almost fainting from cold and hunger, to flutter across to the platform, which was evidently for their use. They were just finishing the corn when a strange voice from the other side of the window cried, "Come along, make haste!"

Who could it be? Mrs. Pigeon trembled violently, but her husband boldly put his head in at the window and looked about him, "Come along, come along," said the queer voice again, and Mr. Pigeon then saw a large bright cage, and in it a green bird with a beautiful long tail and sharp curved beak. He had never seen such a queer bird before. What he thought still more queer was that this bird was the owner of the voice, for, on seeing Mr. Pigeon's head, he repeated his invitation to "Come along."

Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon were so pleased with this kind invitation, and with the sight of the bright fire, that they hopped inside the room without more ado.

"Thank you, sir, for asking us in," began Mrs. Pigeon timidly, "it is very cold outside"

"Mr. Parrot is my name, madam, but I am generally known as 'Jacko.' This is my little friend Tommy, the love-bird," said Jacko, nodding his head at a small cage on the same table as his own. "We spend a good many hours together when the children are out. The little boy told us that you had just had a very long journey. Do tell us about it."

"A dreadful journey," sighed Mrs. Pigeon; "we were sent from

THE PIGEONS' CHRISTMAS DAY

the south of England to these children as a Christmas present from their uncle I hope you will never have to spend fourteen hours cooped up in a railway carriage, Jacko "

"Fourteen hours ' My dear madam, that is nothing ' Why, I came all the way from West Africa on board ship Three weeks I spent cooped up in a small box It was real torture to me, as I had always been accustomed to fly where I liked "

"West Africa ' dear me ! " gasped Mr Pigeon "It's very hot there, isn't it ? "

"Very hot," answered Jacko "If my mistress had not been so kind this cold climate would have killed me Tommy and I both feel the cold very much, don't we, Tommy ? "

"Dreadfully ' " was Tommy's short reply

"I wonder whether we shall ever settle down here," said Mrs Pigeon to her husband

"Of course you will, my dear madam," answered Jacko promptly "It isn't always so cold here "

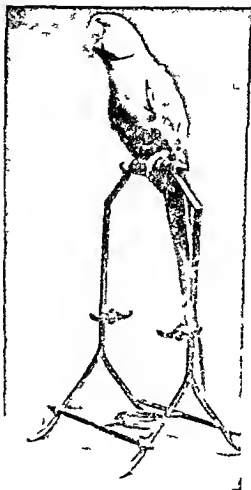
"What has become of all the cats and dogs that I hear barking and howling in here sometimes ? " asked Mrs Pigeon, glancing round the room to see that there was no cunning cat ready to spring at her

"Cats and dogs ? Why, there aren't any ! "

"Oh, but there must be," said Mr Pigeon "We heard them all day yesterday, didn't we, my dear ? They gave us no peace "

"What a joke ! " laughed Jacko, in a loud vulgar fashion

"I can't see why it is such a joke," answered Mr Pigeon, ruffling up his feathers as if he were angry, but he soon forgot his vexation in sheer astonishment when Jacko began to imitate exactly the mewling



JACKO

THE PIGEONS' CHRISTMAS DAY

of cats, the barking of dogs, the clucking of hens, and finally the soft cooing of his visitors.

"Wonderful!" gasped the pigeons in one breath, "we couldn't coo better ourselves. You *are* clever, Jacko!"

"You are right there," piped little Tommy. "He is very clever with his beak too. Just look, he has pulled out all my tail feathers. I am not fit to be seen," and Tommy turned his poor disfigured little body round, and, sad to say, there was only one little stunted feather where a whole plume of long bright green and blue ones should have been. It was indeed a sad sight.

"You forget, Tommy, what a dreadful little tease you are, and how annoying it is to have a little creature like you hepping on the top of my cage all day. Until I pulled your tail feathers out, you used not to mind in the least how often you whisked them in my eyes. I couldn't stand it any longer. But, there, we don't want to talk about your tail feathers all day. We will have a song for a change. Which would you like? 'Pop goes the Weasel' or 'God save the King'?" Jacko was very proud of his musical accomplishments.

"We will have both, please," cried the pigeons excitedly. They had never in their lives been so royally entertained.

"How beautifully you whistle! It is marvellous!" exclaimed they as Jacko ended the first line of "God Save the King" with an exceedingly shrill note. "Who taught you?"

"Well, you see," said Jacko, with a touch of conceit in his tone, "the children's father is very fond of me, and whenever he comes into the nursery he talks and whistles to me, so of course I just copy him. They have been teaching me lately to say—

'Christmas comes but once a year,
But when it comes it brings good cheer.'

Just look what a pile of nice things they have given me for the day—cake, fruit and seed. We will just share it all. If you could open my door for me, Mr. Pigeon, I should be much obliged. It is not very easy from the inside."

"With pleasure," answered Mr. Pigeon politely, and he began to tug at Jacko's front door.

"Thank you," screamed Jacko as the door opened, "now we *will* have a merry time! I like plenty of space at meal times," he con-

THE PIGEONS' CHRISTMAS DAY

tinued, clambering up on a chair to open little Tommy's door with his beak and set him free.

"You won't pull my tail feathers out, will yon, Jacko?" begged Mrs Pigeon timidly

"I never touch a lady," answered Jacko, as he strutted about in his most dignified manner

Politely he shared his dainty Christmas fare with his visitors and Tommy, and then flung dignity to the winds, and behaved more like a mischievous schoolboy let loose

"People play games at Christmas time," said he "So will we Come, stand in a line, and let us see who will fly to those plants in the window first The one who breaks off the most leaves and flowers in five minutes will have a prize"

No sooner said than done What plants could survive the nipping and snapping that followed?

Of course the prize, a luscious date, fell to Jacko's sharp beak.

"The next race," cried Jacko, "is to get to the top of that blind, and bite the cord in two"

"I can't do it, Jacko," said Mrs Pigeon sadly

"Nor can I, my dear," was her husband's consoling response, "so we will just look on!"

"I can," cried Tommy, as he bravely started his climb up the window blind

But what small bird could compete with Jacko?

"It is no use," admitted Tommy sulkily "Jacko gets all the prizes Just look at that! He has snapped that blind cord in two with just a click of his beak"

"Race number three!" screamed Jacko "Come on, Mr and Mrs Pigeon. Here's a chance for everybody You have to clamber up that wooden chair and see how many splinters you can crack off in eight minutes. One, two, three off!"

For the next few minutes nothing could be heard in the nursery but the cracking off of small splinters of wood and the peck, peck of sharp beaks on the poor, ill used chair

"Time nearly up!" shrieked Jacko as he wrenched off an unusually large bit.

Just at this exciting moment the door opened with a jerk, and in walked nurse with the baby in her arms. Away fluttered the pigeons through the window in a terrible fright, Tommy flew into his

THE PIGEONS' CHRISTMAS DAY

cage and hid in the corner; Jacko alone had to brave the situation. "Goodness me!" cried nurse, "what is the meaning of all this? What a mess! Whoever did this will get nicely punished!"

"Aw!" said a voice in a gentle tone—"give a poor hird a kiss."

"You, is it, Jacko? You villain! Just let me catch you here, you naughty hird!"

But a happy thought had struck Jacko. He knew a better plan than that. So he sang with all his might—

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

This was the first time Jacko had ever managed the two lines properly, and nurse was so surprised that she almost dropped the hahy and quite forgot to scold Jacko for chipping the chair to picces.

"'Pon my word, Jacko!" said she, "you're just like a naughty little hoy, hut your ways are that pretty, and you do so get round a hody, that I just can't scold you!"

Jacko understood that he was forgiven, and hegan to sing again—

"Christmas comes but once a year."

"So it does, Jacko," answered nurse, "and you shall have your good cheer like the rest of us, so you had better finish hiting the chair."

But it was getting dark, and Jacko and his friends were tired after all the excitement of the day. It was the birds' hed-time—

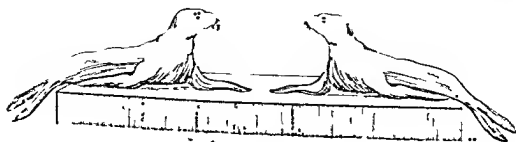
"I feel quite warm now," said Mrs. Pigeon to her hushand as they were going to roost.

"So do I, my love. But I must pop my head out into the cold once more, for I can't possibly go to sleep until I have thanked Jacko and Tommy for this happy Christmas Day."

"I'm nearly asleep," drawled Jacko as Mr. Pigeon began his polite speech; "but, I say, haven't we had a lark!"

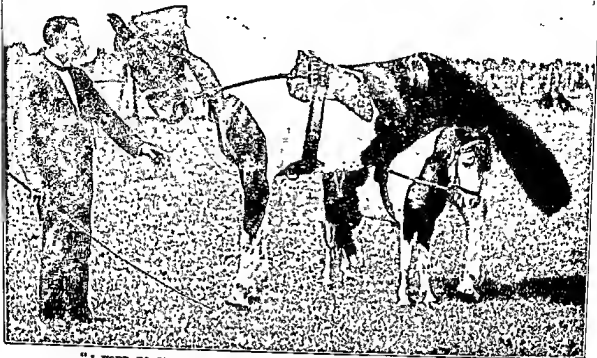
"Christmas comes but once," he croaked very sleepily, and then all was still.

EDITH E. CARTER.





MY PIGEONS.



"I USED TO SHOW HOW TINY I WAS BY STANDING RIGHT UNDER HER."

The Circus Pony's Story

(Photos by W. P. Marsh & Son, Chichester.)

"**Y**ES, I'm an old pony now ; but of course once upon a time I was a youngster."

"Please tell us about what you did when you were young," cried Fred and May. "We love a circus, and we've heard how clever you were."

"Well, sit down under that tree, where there's plenty of shade, and I'll begin."

"We ponies are a very clever race, I can tell you. We know a thing or two. Some of us require a great deal of training, while others learn quickly and willingly ; but we're all clever."

"I cannot remember the very early part of my life. My mother once told me that I was the prettiest pony she ever saw ; but then, you know, mothers generally talk like that. I was a piebald pony, and I've always been proud of the fact. I shouldn't like to be a skewbald at all. It's so common, you know, for you see quite a number of skewbald horses, white, black and brown or white and brown ; while a real piebald horse is black and white only. And let me tell you I was never big for my age : I could walk right under my mother."

THE CIRCUS PONY'S STORY

I've always been very small, and perhaps that's why I used to get such a loud clap from the children at the circus.

"I was born in the circus, and I lived a very uneventful life for a few months; until, in fact, I was old enough for my trainer to take me in hand. Now people talk a great deal about trainers being unkind and cruel to ponies; but my trainer loved me quite as much as I loved him, and that's saying a great deal. He always kissed me between the eyes when he came to say good night, and though I couldn't return the kiss, I always used to whinny in pony language, 'Thank you, trainer William. I love you so much!'

"One day I heard some one say, 'He's old enough to make a start.'

"Then the door opened and I saw William for the first time. My mother had told me about some of her tricks and how clever my father was, so when William popped a piece of sugar into my mouth and said, 'Come on, old chap, let's have a lesson!' I was quite anxious to start.

"It was not easy at first. All beginnings are difficult. My first trick, which seemed so ridiculously easy afterwards, seemed at first quite an impossibility. But William let my mother come out into the yard and show me how to do it."

"What was it?" cried the children.

"Oh! merely jumping through a hoop. But I can say this for myself, I made an effort to learn right from the start, and I think that's why William loved me so. My word! I lived like a royal pony. Sugar (my favourite), carrots, apples and grass were a few of the things they gave me as a reward for my efforts. Of course, I was glad to have these delicacies, but I did not do my tricks just for what I could get. I was glad to learn.

"Then came my next trick. Toddles, another young pony, who lived in the next stable to ours, learnt at the same time. He was rather bad tempered and tried to bite William and, oh dear! I shouldn't have liked William to get angry with me as he did with Toddles. Toddles told me afterwards it was awful while it lasted. He could scarcely eat for a week, his mouth was so sore, and his beautiful glossy coat was covered with perspiration when William let him go. Well, in this trick I had to walk on my hind legs. First of all I had to learn to stand on two legs. That took some time; but I did it at last, and Will gave me a pat and said, 'Well done, old chap!' - I almost danced straight away for pleasure at that praise; but it's a difficult

THE CIRCUS PONY'S STORY

thing, I can assure you, for a pony to dance. I tried day after day, and William was so patient that I should have been ashamed to show any temper. At length I walked all by myself across the yard. Never was there such a proud pony before. What a feed I had! William, however, was very anxious I should not eat too much, and, do you know, I think ponies are wiser in that matter than some boys and girls I've known. We never eat more than we really want, while——, but that's not part of my story, so I won't say any more about it.

"There was one funny trick my mother did, and I wanted to show Will I could do it all by myself. She used to go down when Will said a very short word, and lie all stiff and stark till Will whistled. Well, one day, just as I heard Will coming towards the yard, I lay down as stiff as a board. He came in, saw me, gave an exclamation and ran up. He felt me all over, but I didn't move.

"'What's the matter with the young 'un?' he said. He prodded me and pulled me, but I simply wouldn't stir. I lay just as my mother is lying in the picture, and refused to budge. All at once that clever Will understood. He gave a loud whistle; up I jumped and stood facing him.

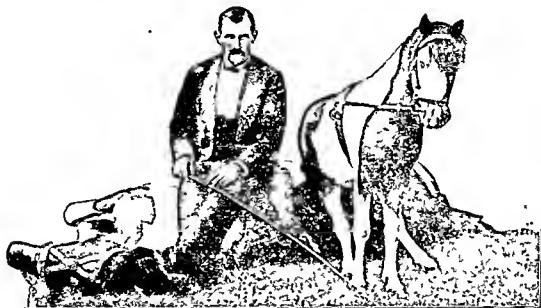
"'You clever little beast!' he cried, and flung his arms round my neck and hugged me. I can tell you I was proud of myself: all alone I had taught myself a trick! Will called some of the other men and told them about it. Then he said solemnly to me, 'Die!' Down I went and lay like a log. How they roared with laughter! I thought they would never stop.

"After that, Will was kinder to me than ever. He taught me to sit down by him on my mother's back when she was pretending to be dead, and we used to nod our heads at one another just as though we were talking. Well, I got on like wildfire at that time. I learned to count up to twelve. I never quite understood how I did it; but there is the fact. I learned to dance in reality. People who had seen the skewbald horse of the Life Guards dance when the band plays at the time of the King's Levee told Will he wasn't nearly so nimble as I was. I can't tell whether this was the case, for I never saw him. He was a skewbald horse and that's enough for me. I could dance so as not to knock over bottles which were placed on the floor. Of course, I used to practise with bits of wood at first until I was clever enough to dodge them. Will wouldn't have liked to sweep up hundreds of pieces of broken glass after each lesson. Then I learned to ask for water and

THE CIRCUS PONY'S STORY

food. And then one day I found that human things had to learn tricks as well as ponies.

"One morning Will brought into the yard a pretty little girl. 'There ho is,' he said, 'he's a very gentle little thing.' He whispered to me and I nodded. Then the little girl began trying to jump on my back. She took a long while, but at last the time came when she could jump up as lightly as anything. Then she used to stand there while I walked along. The next thing was that I had to run. Afterwards she had to jump through a hoop that Will held out. I'm sorry to say she had one or two nasty tumbles and sometimes she hurt her-



"HE TAUGHT ME TO SIT DOWN BY HIM ON MY MOTHER'S BACK WHEN SHE WAS PRETENDING TO BE DEAD"

self so much that she cried. I always used to go and rub my nose against her to show her how sorry I was. In the end she jumped so beautifully that she never by any chance made a false step, and oh! what a tremendous noise the people made when Miss Fanny and I did our tricks. You see, we were both of us so tiny.

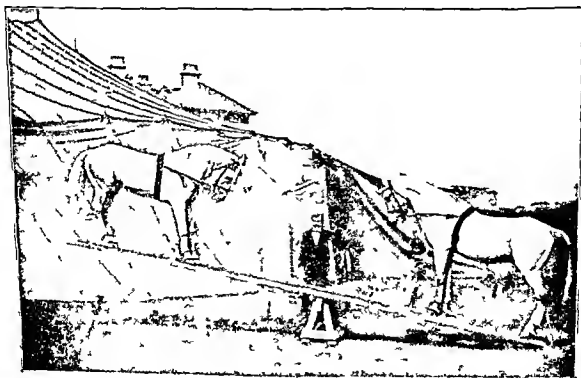
"But I must confess there was one thing I could not endure at first. It took all my stock of patience to get used to it. One day there came into the yard with Will a most peculiar looking creature. It wore a loose white suit with frills round its neck and waist, although it was, I believe, a man. On its head it had a tall conical cap made of

THE CIRCUS PONY'S STORY

some very soft white stuff. But it was the creature's face I couldn't tolerate. Its eyebrows were very big and black; it was smeared all over with white sticky stuff and had nasty red blotches here and there. It talked with a loud voice, rolled about, laughed, screamed, turned head over heels, and at last jumped right on my back. If Will hadn't held my head I should have kicked up my heels from sheer disgust. They called him the clown.

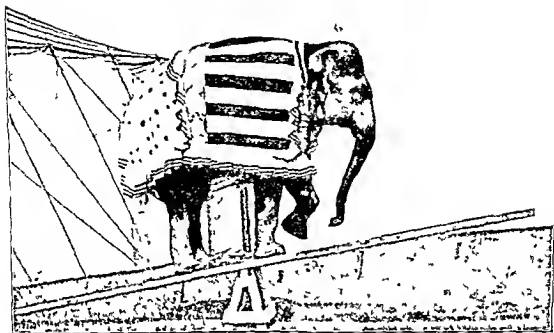
"Well, he came each day then until I got more used to him. I soon learnt that I had to do everything he told me, unless Will said expressly I was not to. Toddles disliked him more than I did. He said he was so very familiar.

"I wish I had time to tell you of all the other animals at the circus. There was a beautiful baby elephant who learnt to play very clever tricks on a see-saw. There were two magnificent white horses also who worked the see-saw all by themselves. Will was very proud of them, for they did everything he told them. There was one big horse marked almost exactly like me. She was so much bigger than I that in one of my performances I used to show the people



"THE TWO MAGNIFICENT WHITE HORSES WORKED THE SEE-SAW ALL BY THEMSELVES

THE CIRCUS PONY'S STORY



"THE BABY ELEPHANT PLAYED TRICKS"

how tiny I was by standing right under her. People used to say, "Well! how very pretty!" till I almost blushed.

"We were the best of friends, all we animals. The baby elephant told me once, in confidence, that he liked his tricks all right; but he did wish they wouldn't dress him up as they did. He felt that it made him resemble the clown.

"Before I stop I must tell you of my first appearance at the circus. I can never forget it! Will came to take me in, and he seemed quite nervous. He need not have been, I'm certain. I went through all my tricks amid loud applause. I must confess the number of people astonished me. The light, too, was peculiar. It seemed so misty and made the circus seem so large. I jumped through the hoop and carried Miss Fanny. I counted and danced and threw the sugar placed on my nose up into the air and then caught it, and of course munched it. And then, to my intense annoyance, just as I was quite enjoying myself, who should stroll in with his hands in his pockets but that ridiculous, foolish creature the clown! Of course he must interfere.

"'Here we are again!' he said. The people all laughed at him, but he took no notice. He had the impudence to jump on my back the wrong way round, with his face towards my tail

THE CIRCUS PONY'S STORY

" 'Oh !' he said ; ' I've got on the wrong way round ; or perhaps it's the pony's fault.' And with that he turned a somersault right over my head and stood grinning right in my face.

" 'Now then, Joey,' he said, 'dio !' Down I went, amid a shout of laughter. Then he told Will to pad my hoofs and I had to play a big drum while the absurd thing did a number of foolish tricks. I must say the people laughed a great deal at him. He said that they were laughing at me ; but I knew better. Then he came up to me and said, 'Now, old fellah ! What will you take ! Some straw ?' I shook my head in disgust.

" 'Well then, try some hay, old man !'

" Still I refused. But when he suggested a nice feed of oats I opened my mouth to assent and he gave me a splendid feed of fine oats ! I suppose that this foolish clown got excited and wanted to show off, for he had the audacity to suggest that I should go through my tricks again.

" 'Die !' he squealed.

" 'Don't you do it, Joey !' said Will, and I wouldn't.

" This made the clown so angry that he screamed, 'You're a good-for-nothing, pampered creature ; that's what you are !' and he walked off in a huff.

" Of course, every one laughed, and I went away, too, in a good temper again, for I'd had the best of it, you see. Poor old clown ! I felt sorry for him afterwards.

" One evening Toddles got so angry that he rubbed the clown's leg against the tent pole and broke it—the leg, I mean ; and Will and the other men had to carry him out of the circus.

" Well, my dears, I learned a great deal and saw a great deal in my time. My poor mother died a few years after I commenced, and I took her place in the circus. Even ponies grow old, you know. Those were happy years, and it was very hard when I had to say good-bye. Of course you are all very kind to me here, and I love you very much ; but I think I should be very sad sometimes when I think of the past unless I had William's visits to look forward to occasionally. He's getting old now and his hair is growing grey ; but he never fails to come and see his friend Joey whenever the circus is anywhere near here. Now run along and play, my dears !"

B. L. K. HENDERSON.



THE LUCY DIACI SMITH

The doorway is built in the style of a Tuscan and some of the blocks are arranged to represent nails

THE TALE OF A PAINT POT



Arthur Coats.

WHAT IS IT?

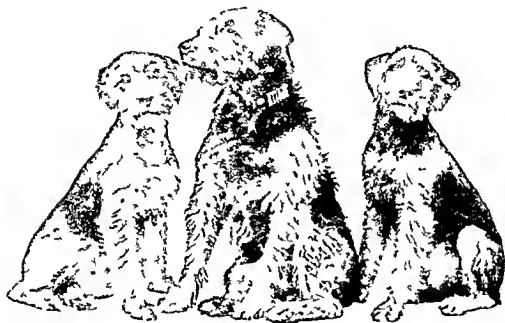
THE TALE OF A PAINT POT



II HOPKINS

The Three Graces

THESE puppies look very sedate
As they sit with their mother in state,
But as they only keep still—
I must tell you—until
They have rested a moment—just wait!



For suddenly both with a bound,
Will go tearing and snuffing round,
Their "Ma" they'll attack
And spring on her back
While the air with their barks will resound.

Their mother will scramble and bite
And teach both her children to fight
But when all's said and done
They are only in fun,
They are *playing*, and so it's all right

JESSIE POPE



Big Bears and Little Bears



AN EASTER EGG

[Allard]

I HAVE talked with men who have hunted bears in the North of Europe, in Asia, and in America, and from all they have told me, and from all I know of bears, it seems to me that what they call "sport" is not worthy of the name. A bear is rarely dangerous unless driven to bay in a last struggle for life, or when making a despairing effort to protect her little ones.

Not many months ago I

was in Russia and, rather against my will, took part in a bear-hunting expedition. My friends asked me to climb a tree and look around for bears while they scoured the neighbourhood in search of these animals. They had not been gone more than a few minutes when I heard a rustling among the fir-trees, and presently there came in view two huge bears, followed by two baby bears, or cubs, as they are called. I knew at once that they were father and mother out for a walk with their dear little children.



BABY BEAR

[Allard]

BEARS

Then they came to a halt beneath my perch. The father gave one child a thorough "licking"—with his tongue, of course, and nothing like what schoolboys know as a "licking." The mother did the same to the other cub, and then the two big bears stood on their hind legs and danced and pawed, and pawed and danced, for quite a long time. The little bears seemed to enjoy the fun. I thought at first that it was a real fight, but I soon found that it was only play. After a few minutes' play the happy family wandered away into the depths of the pine forest.

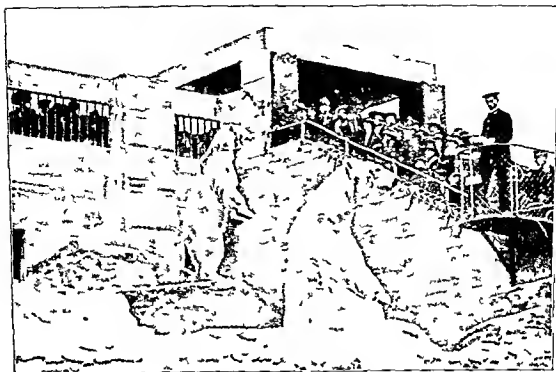
About half an hour afterwards my friends, with their guns, returned, and asked if I had seen anything worth shooting. Without telling an untruth I said "No"; for I did not think that so loving a father and mother, with two such nice children, ought to have their lives cut short by the bullets of hunters. How unhappy those two playful cubs would have been if the hunters had found and killed their parents!

If you wish to hunt the bear, you must not start in winter time. During the summer he eats all he can in the shape of fruit and vegetables, honey and insects, fish and flesh; and day by day he grows fatter

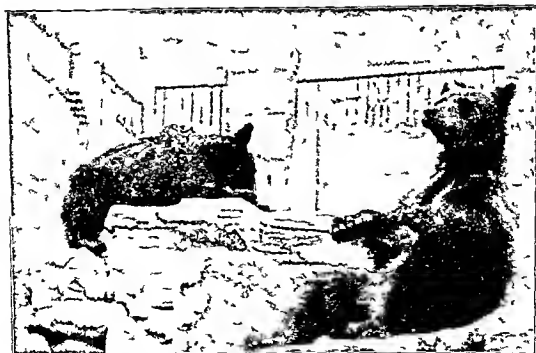
and sleeker. Then he looks for some hollow in a cave, or in the depths of a deep forest, and there he sleeps for long months. If you happen to live in his native land, take care that you are not resting close by his hole when he wakes up after his winter sleep; for it is at this time that the bear most enjoys a plump young boy or a dainty young girl. He is very thin and very hungry, and wants much to get back the fat that he has lost. But, except after his long sleep at winter time, the bear is not a fearsome creature. Not only is he loving to his little ones,



THE KEEPER'S PET
(W. S. Burleigh F.R.S.
Young Syrian Bear)



DINNER TIME.



Photos by]

BU'S PLEASE!

[Alfred

BEARS



A REAL LIVE "TEDDY BEAR" FROM QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

but we often hear accounts of his kindness to human creatures. We read of a little homeless boy who one night crept for warmth and shelter into the den of a savage bear. Instead of devouring the child, Bruin, the bear, took care of him, covering him with his warm paws night after night; and when the boy died, refused all food and joined his little friend in death.

The mother bear loves her cubs, licks them as a cat does her kittens, and fearlessly

fights for them when they are in danger. No more beautiful story of animals has ever been told than that of a female Polar bear when her two babies had been wounded by shots from the crew of a ship engaged on an expedition to the Arctic Seas. In order to attract the bears the sailors threw to them lumps of whale flesh. The she-bear swam across an ice-creek, grasped the flesh, and was struck by a bullet. Yet she continued to hold the meat in her jaws, swam across the narrow creek, and placed it within reach of her cubs. The unkind sailors again fired shot after shot, and in a moment both cubs lay dead. The mother placed the meat close to their mouths, put her paws beneath their heads so that they might easily reach the feast, and, on finding that her little ones were dead, broke out into such piteous moans that even the hardest hearted man

BEARS

on the ship shrank from killing her. But the sight of a huge bear within easy gunshot proved too much for their pity, and soon the loving mother lay dead by the side of her children.

When bears are captured young they become almost as easy to manage as a dog, and they



"LOVELY!"



A GAME OF HALL.

(For Photos.

often prove so clever as to justify the Swedish saying that a bear unites the wit of one man with the strength of ten. A writer on natural history tells us that there was once a tame black bear in North America that had a great liking for feeding on chickens. His master noticed the thinning of the

BEARS

poultry yard, and when he saw the sprinkling of feathers around Bruin's pole he at once suspected who was the thief. But the bear was too sharp to be caught, and if disturbed before he had finished eating a chicken, would sit on the remainder and look as innocent as a schoolboy. He was, however, found out at last, for one day there was heard a cackling in the bear's den, and it was discovered that Master Bruin was sitting upon a fowl that he had not quite killed.

In one respect, at least, the bear is very much like our young readers. he is very fond of sweets. Mr. Frank Buckland, a great writer on natural history, once owned a tame bear. The animal was missing one day, and was found in a grocer's shop, helping himself to brown sugar and sweets, while the poor woman in charge of the store stood at the doorway screaming with fright. But there was no need for her to be afraid; for, when the bear had half emptied the barrel of sugar, he waddled through the doorway in the direction of his den, and went calmly to sleep for the rest of the day.

Do not be afraid of seeing him in the streets or Gardens. If your pocket is filled with sweets, his pleased friends

will be most to make with you

W. R.



"I CAN TICKLE MY TOES!" *(Sport & General)*



FUN ON THE ICE

Slow on a glance to animals who enjoy water and lose hat don't

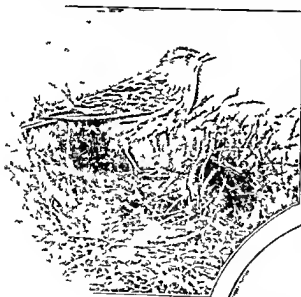
Our Feathered Friends

(Photos by G. Parkin, Wakefield.)

THE skylark and the thrush are two of our best known songsters. Who does not love them both? What melody could be more cheering and inspiring than the song of the lark as he rises on quivering wings up, up, up, until at last he is out of sight in the clouds? Then down he comes, still singing, down, down, down, almost perpendicularly, until he is near the ground, when the song abruptly ceases, and with a sudden dive he disappears in the long grass or growing corn. Unlike most birds, the lark nearly always builds its nest on the ground, scooping out a little hollow for the purpose, and laying from three to five eggs.

Of very different character is the song of the thrush, so full and pure of tone, yet always changing, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Sometimes he seems to call, then he whistles, then suddenly breaks out into what can only be described as a torrent of melody.

The thrush generally selects the middle of a thick bush or shrub for its nest, and builds with sticks,



SKYLARK

roots, moss, and lumps of clay. The eggs number from four to six. He dearly loves snails for dinner, and is clever enough to bang them against stones or walls in order to break the shells. When you see broken snail



SONG THRUSH

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

shells lying about your garden, you can generally conclude that Mr. and Mrs. Thrush are not very far away.



CUCKOOS.



GRASSFINCHES.

On this ture is of that cuckoo, with below. We hear the takable note of April, he that spring, delights, is have, of about the naughty way her eggs in the other birds. cuckoo is no gratitude his foster- the contrary,



SEED SOWING.

page our first pic- wickied rascal, the a young one are all glad to cuckoo's unmis- about the middle cause he tells with all its near. But you course, heard mother cuckoo's of always placing nest of some When the young hatched he shows whatever to parents, but, on at once sets to

work to eject from the nest any other young birds or eggs that

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

may be in it. You would think that the parent birds, thus robbed of their young ones, would at once revenge themselves on the intruder (who, of course, cannot yet fly); but, instead, they seem to become his willing bond-slaves and go to no end of trouble to keep him well supplied with food. The cuckoo has been known to lay her eggs in the nests of upwards of a hundred different kinds of birds, and, strange to say, she seems to have the power to alter the appearance of the eggs to make them resemble those of the bird she intends to deceive. Of course, it may be that certain families of cuckoos always make a practice of placing their eggs in the nests of particular kinds of birds, some cuckoos always preferring to impose on hedge-sparrows, others on chaffinches, and so on; but even this power of selection and imitation is very wonderful.

In the next picture we have a pair of chaffinches and their nest. These birds, with their bright plumage and merry song, are also heralds of the spring. They generally perch high in the hedges, and have a way of darting out in front as one passes, betraying little more fear of man than robins. Their nest is nearly always built in the forked bough of a tree, as in the picture, and a very neat and compact little nest it is. Generally they will contrive to cover the outside of the nest with lichens and moss of the same colour as the tree it is placed upon, so that your eyes must be fairly sharp to discover it.

The reed hunting, or reed sparrow, is a very different kind of bird, always building its nest amongst the rushes and coarse grass so plentiful in the marshy spots and lonely river banks where it loves to dwell. If you go near the nest the mother bird will pretend to be lame in leg or wing, and thus entice you to go after her and away from the little ones. You can generally tell the reed bunting in summer by its pretty white collar and black head.

The green woodpecker is one of the most interesting of birds. It has a beak as long as its head, and can put its long tongue, tipped with little barbs, over so far out. It lives in wooded parts of the country, where there are likely to be decayed trees harbouring beetles and grubs. It nearly always starts operations low down a tree, and then climbs upwards, supporting itself by the stiff feathers of its tail. It is a very shy bird, but occasionally you may be fortunate enough to hear its tap, tap, as it hollows out a place for its nest or holes for an insect. The nest can sometimes be discovered by the chips of wood strewn on the ground at the foot of a tree.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS



GREEN WOOD-
PECKER.

feast of St. in many parts its small body is readily ro- is not easy to cleverly is it tree, shrub, which it is domed over at the top, with only a small hole for the birds to get in and out by. Usually there are six or eight eggs, but sometimes as many as fourteen have been counted.

The water-rail is not so familiar a bird as most of those shown in the photographs. Not that it is scarce, but its home is in marshy places away from the haunts of men. It can run very quickly through the thick flags and rushes, and scarcely ever uses its wings, knowing how much safer it is on the ground.

The barn owl lives in old barns, church towers, and lonely ruins. Seldom indeed will you see him while daylight lasts, but directly the sun sets he and his wife sally forth in search of food for their little ones. They render the farmer useful service in killing rats and mice, and if left unmolested will live in the same spot year after year.

The wren is another of our favourite birds, though until recently the cruel and senseless custom of "hunting the wren" on the Stephen was practised of the country. With and cocked-up tail, it cognized, though it discover the nest, so made to resemble the or haystack against huilt. It is generally



BARN OWL.

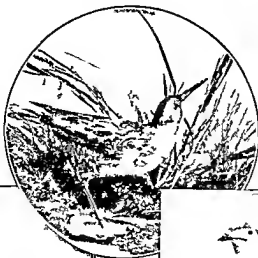


WRENS.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

Pheasants also
traordinary speed,
turhed by shoot-
other intruders,
to flight When
wings, however,
force They gener-
hut make their

WATER RAIL.



can run with ex-
and unless dis-
ing-parties or
do not often take
they do use their
they fly with great
ally roost in trees,
nests on the



PHEASANTS

ground If kept
barley or other
not often leave the
pheasants, such as
picture, and pied,
birds are not un-

The herring
because of its way
herring shoals, but
supposed that it
or even fish, alone

and worms, though, It is frequently seen far inland picking up grubs
of course, except in very severe weather, the sea
shore is its favourite haunt It has learnt, like the thrush, to break
shells by dropping them on stones, and can extract clams and mussels
with ease It is a sad robber, and does not hesitate to take the eggs
of other birds for food.



HERRING GULL AND YOUNG

well supplied with
grains, they do
preserves White
you see in the
or partly white,
common
gull is so called
of following the
it must not be
lives on herrings,

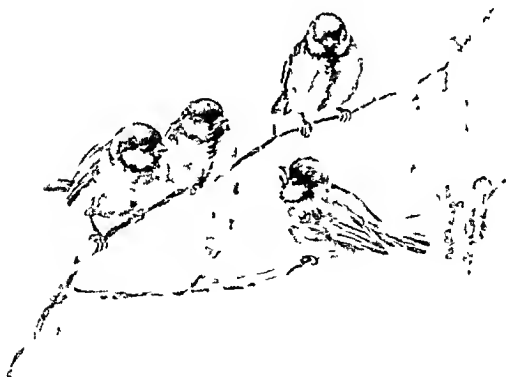


TERNS AND YOUNG

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

The terns, with their forked tails, are frequently known as sea swallows. They are near relatives of the gulls, though they frequent inland waters and shallow estuaries rather than the open sea. Their nest is generally merely a small hollow in the sand or shingle, or amongst the dried wrack. The little ones are mottled in colour, and so nearly resemble their surroundings that it is easy to pass quite close to the spot without seeing them. Further to prevent discovery, the parent birds frequently skim over the spot and drop small fish or other food close to the nestlings without themselves alighting.

HARRY GOLDING

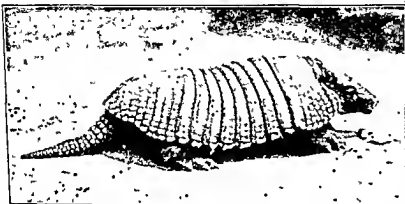


Animals in Armour

“WHAT a funny animal!” cried Lucy. “He looks like a knight of the Middle Ages in his coat of mail.”

“Hush,” said Uncle, “you may hurt his feelings. That is the Armadillo; his ancestors wore a coat of mail thousands and thousands of years before man thought of making armour. In fact—let us whisper it—man copied him!”

“It does not look very comfortable,” said Tom, “it



THE ARMADILLO.

[Albert]

must be heavy to carry; besides, what is the use of it?”

“Look at that!” said Uncle, touching the Armadillo with his stick, “if he is attacked, he rolls up into a ball.”

“I should have liked to see one of the old knights do that,” said Lucy.

“I’m afraid he could not have managed it,” replied Uncle. “The knight’s armour was not so well jointed, and he had to wear it all over his body, whereas the Armadillo only wears armour on his head, back and tail, and so saves much weight.”



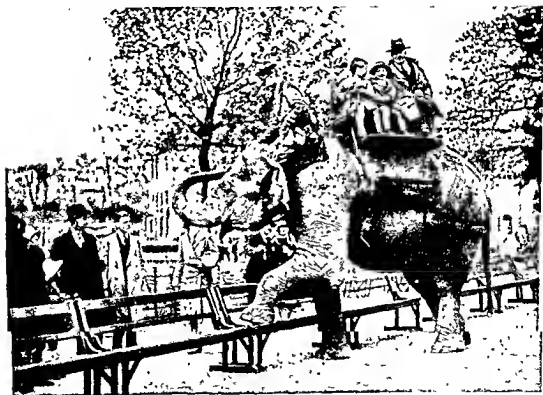
THE BLUE TONGUED LIZARD.

[Albert]

The sharp spikes which cover his body protect him from most enemies.

The Boy and the Elephant

"IF only the elephant lived in this land,"
Said a boy to his father one day,
"I think it would be an improvement, don't you?"
But the father replied right away,
"There is none too much room in this isle of the West;
I think that the present arrangement is best."

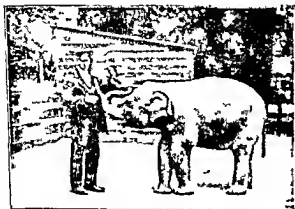


AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

[Keystone.]

"But think, father, think how grand it would be
To have elephants all for our own.
And besides it would save us a lot of expense."
But the father exclaimed with a groan,
"There is only one hoon such as Jumbo would bring;
He might save us the hire of a roller in Spring."

THE BOY AND THE ELEPHANT



"TRUST"

"But if he would learn to obey and to kneel

As he kneels every day at the Zoo,
He might take us to church or to school or to Lords;

Does that make an impression on you?"

But the father made answer, "I think it is stuff;

You can ride in a motor; is *that* not enough?"

"But think of his trunk and his ivory tusks,
And think of the ears on his head
And think of his mouth, into which you shy huns,
And think"—but that father, he said,
"I should think of them often if I were like you,
With a mind which has nothing whatever to do."

"But, father, dear father, how sweet it would be,
For the whole of our family pack,
When mother had bought us some huns for our tea,
To arrive on an elephant's back!"
"But would you be ready," the father replied,
"The huns that you mention *with him* to divide?"

"Oh, father," the boy was proceeding to say,

"When I am a man I shall go
To the land where the elephant acts as a gig
And a hrougham and motor, and oh!"—

Then the father broke in, and most cruelly said,

"But hang a boy, just be off to your bed!"

E S



"PAID FOR"



A COUNCIL OF WAR.

Two Dogs and a Cat

"I'M getting horribly tired of it," said Andy, the white dog.

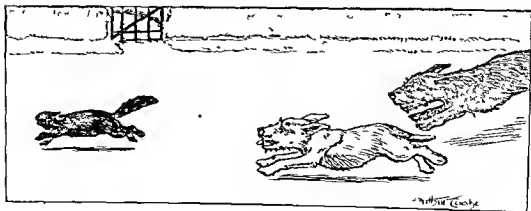
"So am I," answered his companion, Smudge.

"She gives herself such airs," said Andy.

"She steals my food," replied Smudge.

"Last week she scratched my nose and it bled," was Andy's next remark.

"Sometimes I cannot get into my kennel because she sits there and spits at me!" said Smudge. "It's not fair," he went on, turning the whites of his eyes towards his chum, "it's not fair, and I don't care who knows it. Until she came we were quite happy. People used to give us all sorts of tit-bits; now *she* gets them all, and we have to put up with those disgusting meal biscuits they buy at the oil-shop. Faugh! the very smell of them makes me sick. Master never takes us out now, and I simply love ratting; it's the only thing that makes life worth living!"



"FLUTT TURNED TO RUN INTO THE HOUSE"

TWO DOGS AND A CAT

"Yes," remarked Andy; "it's fine. But what's the good of talking about it? These days are over."

"True," said Smudge; "but there's the fowl-run!"

Andy answered sharply, "Master told us we were not to look at a fowl."

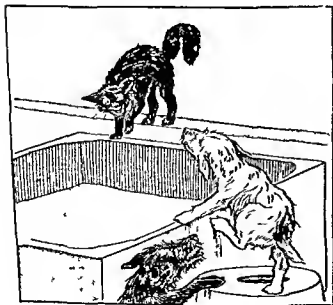
Smudge turned away with a smile. "Yes, but there are moments, round odd corners, you see, when no one is about. Why, only yesterday an old rooster looked at me and . . ."

A grinding noise in Andy's mouth stopped his description, and, following his companion's glance, he saw the cause of his anger. A beautiful black kitten, as round as a ball and as soft as thistle-down, was walking delicately down the front steps. She was, no doubt, coming from the dining-room, for she was licking herself round the mouth, and there were little white splashes which told of lapped milk. She came softly on four beautifully-padded paws, and never so much as glanced at the two angry puppies who sat fuming on the other side of the garden. "One day last week," said Smudge, "she killed a bird!"

"I can't think why people make such a fuss with her. Why, you are ever so much better-looking than she is," remarked Andy.

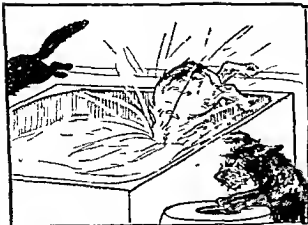
Smudge simpered.

The object of their remarks had now reached a sunny spot and was stretching her lithe body in the sunbeams. Then, with an air of abandonment, she sprang suddenly from all four paws at once and turned head over heels in the air. As she alighted on the grass she caught sight of the disagreeables opposite, and put out a small, red,



"SHE HAD LEAPT OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE AND NOW STOOD SNARLING"

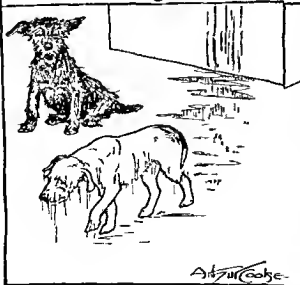
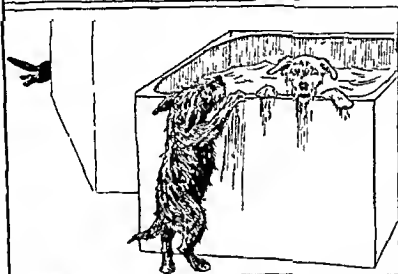
TWO DOGS AND A CAT



It was more than flesh and blood—especially puppy flesh and blood—could stand. Up sprang Andy with a vicious snap. Smudge growled fiercely and his front paws seemed to dance. Suddenly Fluff

turned to run into the house; but she was too late. Andy had headed her off, and it was in the garden that the sternest part of the chase occurred. For a time Fluff

was seriously alarmed. But she soon found that, although not so quick a runner as these young bloods, she was far more clever in doubling and dodging. Once she ran up a young lathurnum tree, but the branches were so slender that she lost her footing, and the angry pair nearly had her. Up and down, in and out, here and there, round and



Arthur Cooke

TWO DOGS AND A CAT

round; they seemed everywhere at once, with a scuffle and a scamper, a snarling, hissing, growling noise that was terrible to hear. Then Fluff saw an opening and leapt into the house. Her special guardian was Miss Daisy, and perhaps the little black kitten hoped for her protection. But her mistress was not to be seen; she was, in fact, having a music lesson. Then Fluff thought of a plan. Upstairs she dashed, closely followed by Smudge and Andy, who thought, "Now we've got her!" Then she tore across the top landing, flew up the ladder, and in less time than it takes to tell was standing on the edge of the cistern in the roof. Only, with all the skill of which a cat is capable, she had leapt over to the other side, and now stood snarling, with arched back and bristling tail—not at all the gentle, purring Fluff so dear to her mistress.

"Come on!" said Andy; and up he went, never troubling to look before he leapt. There was a horrible splash, something black and shining (with four paws and a tail) flashed by, and poor Smudge found himself alone in the roof, wondering what on earth had happened!

He was not long left in doubt. From inside the tank came a dismal yelping, and then the sound of claws scratching against the slippery side. Smudge raised himself on his hind paws, and placed himself so that he could look over the edge. There came to meet him two damp paws and the dripping, miserable head of Andy.

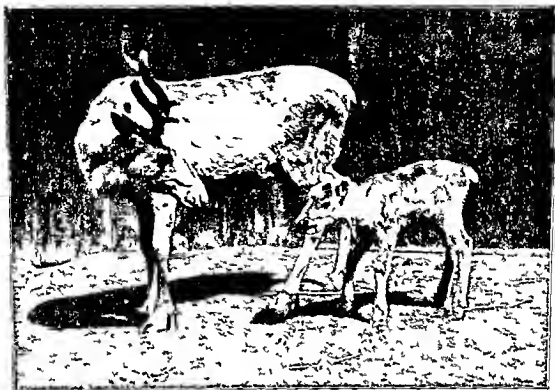
"Help me out!" he gasped. "Lend me a paw!"

It took them both some time to save Andy's life, and when, at last, he crept from that tank, no one would have believed a dog could look so absolutely downcast and woebegone. With drooping ears and lowered tail, he shuffled past Smudge without a word, leaving little pools of water everywhere he trod.

To make matters worse, as they stole in sorrow past the kitchen door, they saw Fluff cosily curled up before the fire, the very picture of warmth and comfort! She took not the slightest notice of them, and they were too upset to try to renew the quarrel.

You will be glad to learn that things improved somewhat after that event. One day Andy and Smudge saw Miss Daisy boxing Fluff's ears because she had been stealing, and think how delighted they were when their young mistress said, "You're a naughty little thing! Why don't you try to be honest, like Andy and Smudge?"

B. L. K. HENDERSON.



REINDEER AND YOUNG.

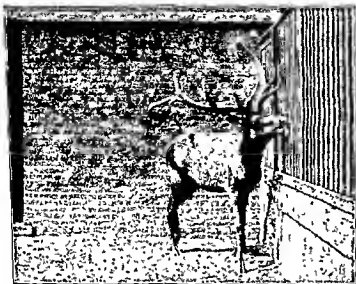
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A Chat about Deer

MANY different kinds of deer can always be seen at the Zoological Gardens. The large wapiti deer cannot possibly be overlooked. It inhabits North America, and, unlike most other kinds of deer, feeds in the daytime.

The llama and the camel are most useful as beasts of burden in many parts of the world, but to the Laplanders and other inhabitants of northern regions the reindeer is of most service. Indeed, the reindeer is the most useful member of the deer family. The Lapps have no such animals as we see in our own country—horses, cows and sheep, etc.—and so they utilize the reindeer in many ways. They attach the animal to their sledges and often very long distances are covered in a day. The reins are attached to the reindeer's antlers, and whilst both male and female possess horns, or antlers, the female is also of service in supplying milk, from which butter and cheese can also be made. Beyond this, the animal supplies the inhabitants of northern climes with material from which clothing is made, as well as various weapons.

DEER



WAPITI.

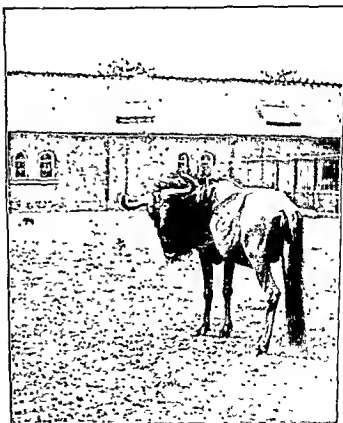
(P. G. Luck.

and other useful articles too numerous to mention.

In our own country we still possess three different kinds of deer, known as red deer, roe deer, and fallow deer. The first-named is the largest, and a very handsome creature he is. Tame herds may be seen in many of our English parks and even in the neighbourhood of London. The male is known as the

stag, or hart, and possesses fine branched horns, or antlers. After the breeding season is over these antlers are shed, but at that season desperate fights take place and two animals have often been found with their antlers locked together. The young deer is known as a calf or fawn. It passes through six different stages, commencing the first year as a "knobher," then "brocket," then "spayad," then "staggard," then "stag" and finally "hart."

The female is called a "hind," and, except during the breeding season, they go about in different herds. Even when only a few hours old the young ones can swim with ease.



WHITE TAILED DEER.

(P. G. Luck.



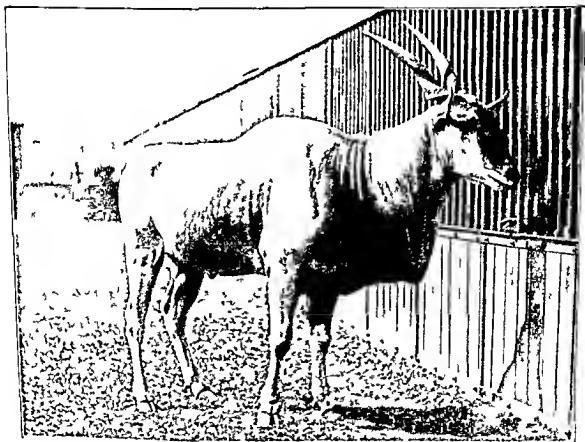
RED DEER

DEER

The fallow deer is a beautiful creature in its light brown dress, spotted with white. It is much smaller than the red deer, and is to be distinguished by its longer tail and the shape of the antlers, which resemble a hand.

The roe deer is still smaller than the fallow species. It is brown above, with a white rump and the same colour under the tail. It is a rare deer and is only found in the north. The antlers differ from those of the last-named species in having three points, each point taking a year to grow.

This brings us to that most interesting and beautiful animal known as the eland, several pictures of which are here given. The eland is, strictly speaking, a member of the antelope family. It is the largest among them and possesses long spiral-like horns of a very striking character. The eland is a sociable creature, and travels about in large companies during the dry season, but in the rainy season is only observed in small groups. There are two kinds of elands, one found in South-



THE ELAND
83

DEER

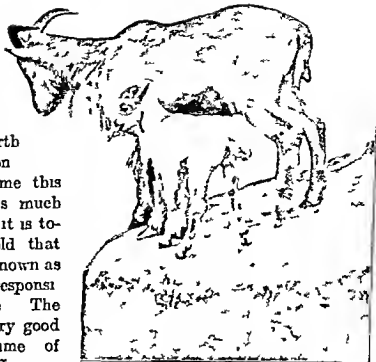
western Africa (known as the grey variety), the other (known as the striped variety) in habiting the countries to the north and east of that region

Once upon a time this beautiful animal was much more abundant than it is to-day, and we are told that the terrible disease, known as rinderpest, has been responsible for the decrease. The flesh is said to be very good eating but the time of year makes all the difference. When the herbage is plentiful the flesh is excellent, but dur-

ing the dry season, when grass and other herbage becomes scarce, various kinds of leaves are eaten and the flesh is not so good in consequence. For the greater part of the year these animals live among forests or bushes, or on the hills. When the rainy season is over, however, they forsake these haunts and come out into the more open country in search of food. It is then that they are hunted, and hunters say that it is a fairly easy matter to run them down, even with horses which are not particularly fleet of foot.

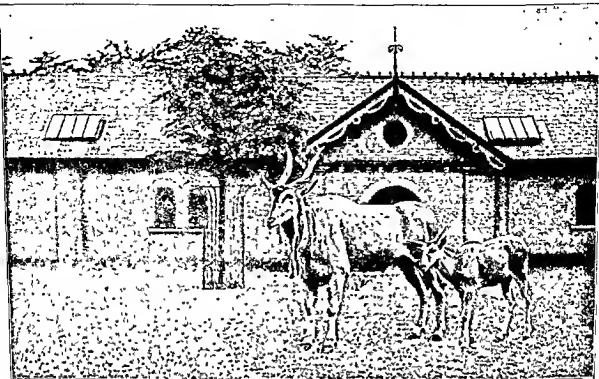
If care is taken of eland during our English winters they thrive very well and I know of one park where several look remarkably healthy and strong. For my own part, however, I would far rather see a nice herd of our own red, or fallow, deer, which are an adornment to any English parkland.

Another picture shows the white-tailed gnu, a creature of such peculiar appearance that he has been described as an 'odds and ends' animal. Its massive head, shaggy legs and feet, and long tail, combine to give the gnu a curious form, and in keeping with its appearance it possesses a loud, hoarse bark. In their habits gnus are also eccentric, scampering and plunging about in a half-frenzied manner, kicking



BARBARY SHEEP AND YOUNG THE LAMB IS ONLY ONE WEEK OLD.

[Allford]



KLAND AND CALF.



KLAND AT THE ZOO.

(P. O. Lock.

DEER

up their heels, tossing their heads and rearing with the most curious antics. They inhabit Africa and Syria, and the buffalo-like character of the head may be well seen by comparing the two animals at the Zoo. As a wild animal, the white-tailed gnu is believed to be extinct. The late Mr. F. C. Selous, the big game hunter, said that even so lately as the year 1876 he saw large herds of them in the Orange River Colony and the Western Transvaal. When the South African War broke out in 1899 there were only two herds of them left, numbering some 500 altogether. Since that date the number has decreased, until to-day it is safe to assert that the white-tailed gnu is almost extinct.

The brindled gnu, or blue wildebeest, is a larger species than the last-named, and also inhabits certain parts of the vast African Continent. This animal still exists to-day, and in its general habits resembles the white-tailed species.

W. PERCIVAL WESTELL.





THE DADES IN THE WOOD

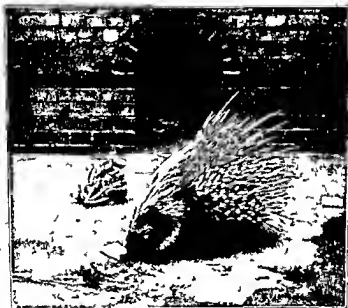


THE END

The Porcupine

BOYS who go fishing and use a porcupine float will be specially interested in this picture of one of the animals from whose back the quills are obtained. The porcupine's name comes from the French, and, being translated, means "Spiny-pig." The face is decidedly pig-like. The porcupine is found in many different parts of the world, including India, Africa, both North and South America, Ceylon and Southern Europe. The commonest species, however, is restricted to Italy, Spain and Africa.

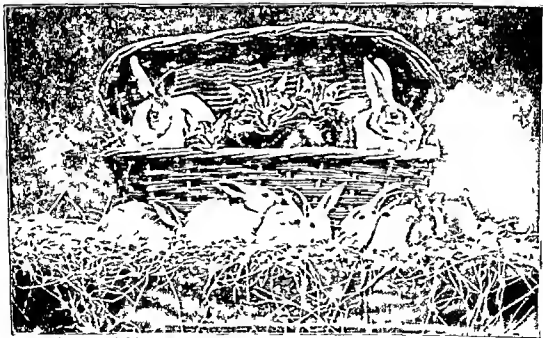
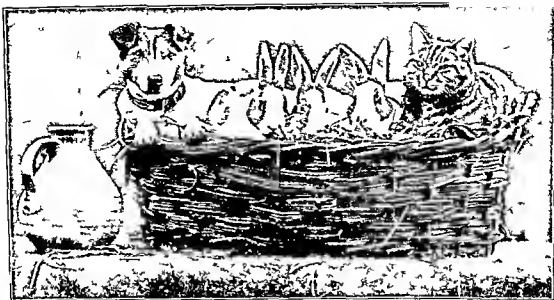
Porcupines resort to two modes of life, namely, as climbers of trees, or, as badger, as the dwellers in the ground. Those which inhabit South America and one kind which is found in North America are tree-dwellers. The ground-dwelling porcupines—if you will call them—have long tails and are slimly built animals compared with their relatives. They have short quills instead of the fine long ones of the European or African species, and a rounded head. The common porcupine lives in burrows, or among rocks, and its head and shoulders do not possess the long sharp spines which are found on other parts of the body. The food of the ground-living species is mostly made up of roots, but the tree-dwelling kinds feed upon the leaves, bark, and twigs of trees. The quills or spines ably protect this animal in time of danger. It will erect its spines and, when danger threatens, charge backwards in no half-hearted manner. Even a blow from its spiny tail is something to be remembered.



THE PORCUPINE.

Italy, Spain and Africa. Porcupines resort to two modes of life, namely, as climbers of trees, or, as badger, as the dwellers in the ground. Those which inhabit South America and one kind which is found in North America are tree-dwellers. The ground-dwelling porcupines—if you will call them—have long tails and are slimly built animals compared with their relatives. They have short quills instead of the fine long ones of the European or African species, and a rounded head. The common porcupine lives in burrows, or among rocks, and its head and shoulders do not possess the long sharp spines which are found on other parts of the body. The food of the ground-living species is mostly made up of roots, but the tree-dwelling kinds feed upon the leaves, bark, and twigs of trees. The quills or spines ably protect this animal in time of danger. It will erect its spines and, when danger threatens, charge backwards in no half-hearted manner. Even a blow from its spiny tail is something to be remembered.

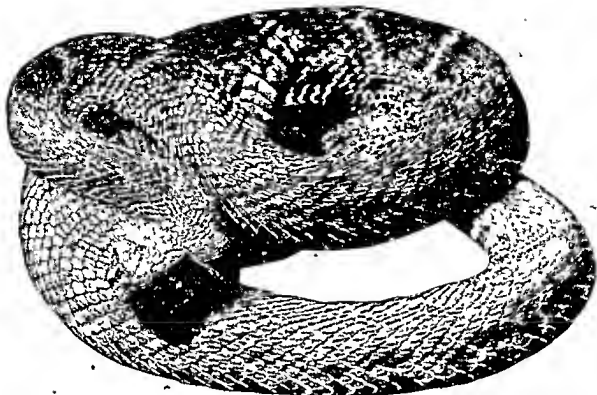
W. P. W.



Copyright photograph by

HARRY FAIRBANKS

[Men & Women]



A RATTLESNAKE READY TO STRIKE

(W S Derridge F.R.S)

The Rattlesnake's "bark" is not worse than his "bite," but it is more frequently used. As a matter of fact, the rattlesnake is by no means the most venomous of reptiles, though its bite will sometimes prove fatal in two minutes. The "rattle" is used as a warning.

The Rattlesnake

SNAKES with a depression between the eyes and nostril are known as Pit-Vipers. Of such a character is the Rattlesnake, a very venomous reptile.

Its peculiar rattle is due to the horny, loosely jointed rings at the stump end being rapidly vibrated; just as when two pieces of bone, called castanets, are struck together they form a distinct musical note.

Young rattlesnakes have at first only one of these horny rings. Additional rings are gradually added in front, or between the terminal ring and the stump of the tail. In older snakes the rings number as many as twenty or thirty, though few now attain to such an age, as so many areas once wild are now thickly populated and cultivated.

A remarkable characteristic of the rattlesnake is the powerful fascination it exerts over birds and other animals.



THE RATTLESNAKE



THE " RATTLE "

(W S Burdett)

This is formed of a series of horny rings, or cups, fitting into each other.

Though there are snakes more deadly than the rattlesnake, its bite is said often to prove fatal in two minutes. The fangs, of which there are several pairs, are connected with channels which

lead to the poison glands, acting in the same manner as a hypodermic syringe. When not in use the fangs lie back in the jaws and are covered by a membrane. Only two fangs are employed at a time for injecting poison; when one pair is out of action those in the rear take up the work.

The Diamond Snake, pictured ready to strike, with the rattle coiled up in the centre, has rows of diamond-shaped markings down back. These serve as a warning sign to other animals. In our only British poisonous snake, the viper or adder, there is a zigzag marking. Such markings aid the snakes in concealing themselves, a great advantage when the stroke must, to be successful, be swift and

The " rattle " startles and often paralyses the victim, whether man or lower animal. The snake undoubtedly possesses some venal power, for the rattle sounds now here, now there, and this uncertainty adds to the victim's stupefaction.



The Golden Eagle



THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

IF you are a little Scotch boy you may have seen the Golden Eagle in all its freedom; in the far north of these islands this noble bird is still to be found. If you are an English boy, you will not see those mighty wings soaring in the sky. And perhaps some little Scots do not really like the eagles, because their daddies do not like them. If you were a shepherd would you like a bird which sometimes takes a little lamb from you? And as for gamekeepers, what love can they possibly have for birds which catch grouse long before the 12th of August?

A bird three feet high, and seven feet from tip to tip of his wings will not be afraid of any other bird. And sometimes he scarcely seems to fear man. Once upon a time, a pack of hounds were very near to catching a hare; in fact, everyone thought the chase was over; when suddenly an eagle pounced down and took the hare away. This was very cool. But the Golden Eagle has done things which are cooler even than that. A very long time ago, in Norway, there was a little baby-boy two years old, he was seized by an eagle while his poor parents were looking. But there were brave and skilful chumbers near; so up the rocks they went until they found the baby and brought it back unharmed. This is quite a true story. I wonder if that baby lived to be a man and had little children of his own? I wonder if they loved the eagle; or, when they saw his golden-brown colour in the sky, they ran home with their little baby-brother?

A Children's Museum

IN one of the prettiest of Sussex villages is a little museum that is quite different from any other museum you are likely to have seen. If you go to the great Natural History Museum at South Kensington you will see hundreds and hundreds of stuffed animals birds and insects arranged just as in life and looking exactly as though they are alive. But in the little museum I am telling you about the idea of the people has been not to arrange the animals as in ordinary everyday life, but according to nursery book life which as you know, is a different kind of life altogether, and often much more interesting.

You all know by heart the sad story of poor Cock Robin, who was killed by the bow and arrow of that naughty rascal the Sparrow. Well, here in this museum is a glass case containing nearly a hundred British birds arranged in groups to show you the whole story, just as it might be acted on the stage. Without any trouble you can pick out all the chief characters—cock robin the sparrow, the owl who dug the grave, the rook with his book, the bull who tolled the bell, "the fish with his dish," and even 'tho fly with his little eye." The pall-



THE GUINEA PIG CRICKET MATCH



PLAYMATES

bearers, too, are here, and all the sighing and sobbing birds of the air.

In another case is shown "The House that Jack built," with the dog, the cat, the rat, the "maiden all forlorn," the "man all tattered and torn," and even the "cow with the crumpled horn."

An even greater favourite with children is the

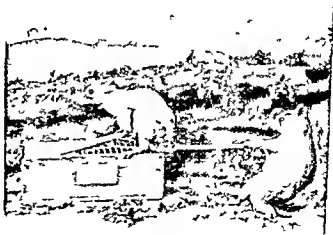
case which shows the "Babes in the Wood" being buried by the friendly robins.

We give a picture of a case showing "The Guinea-Pigs' Cricket Match." Did you know that guinea-pigs played cricket? Here they are, anyhow. In the centre are the players, batsmen, bowlers, fielders, and even the umpires. To the left is the band, to the right the all-important refreshment tent.

"The Rabbits' Village School" is another favourite. Forty-eight little bunnies are shown at their lessons, one class writing in copy-books, another doing sums, and another at needlework. One unhappy rabbit has evidently just had the cane and stands on the form in disgrace.

Our last picture shows two clever mice helping a brother who has been foolish enough to go into a trap after cheese. Once he gets away, he is not likely to venture in again.

Altogether this little museum is most interesting, and it is not at all surprising that all children who have heard of it, and are spending their holidays anywhere near, ask their fathers and mothers to let them see it.





THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.



JUST GET HOLD OF THE CORK,



UNDO THE WIRE,



GIVE THE BOTTLE

A SHAKK.



THAT GINOFF BLFFR BOTTLE.



The Crafty Fox

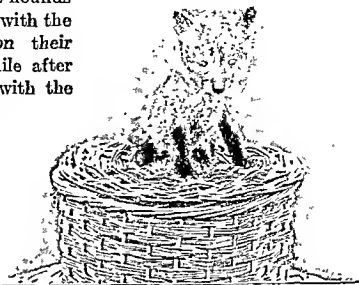
THE fox is supposed to be the most crafty of animals. When he wants anything very much, he never tries to get it openly or by main force. He lies in his hiding-place until people have gone to bed; then he creeps out in search of tender meat and juicy fruit. You may look for him all day and you will seldom see him; but, if you live in the country, you will sometimes find in the morning that the best fowl has disappeared, and that the barn-yard has been emptied of new-laid eggs. The farmer is sure that the place has been visited by a fox during the night; and when the time comes for the red-coated huntsmen to ride up, with their "Tally-ho!" and their baying dogs, he is very glad; for he knows that they are going fox-hunting. If at the end of the hunt they return with a long bushy tail, he rejoices that his eggs and his poultry will be safer than they were the day before.

The baby foxes—or cubs as they are called—shown in the pictures do not seem at all crafty. But they are only children, and very innocent; and when one of their parents brings them the remains of a dainty chicken or a tender duckling, they will smack their lips, eat greedily, and be very happy. In a month or two the baby foxes will find their way to the farmyard, and do as much damage as their parents.

The fox is always a crafty animal, and he often proves himself very clever. Not long ago some huntsmen started a fox from a coppice in a hollow of some hills not far from the sea. Away ran the fox;

THE CRAFTY FOX

after him raced the swift hounds and the beautiful horses with the red-coated huntsmen on their backs. On and on, mile after mile, the little animal with the long bushy tail sped across the soft green grass of the hills, and bit by bit the pursuers gained upon it. They knew there were cliffs not far away, and that the fox would soon be compelled to turn round, and so be caught by the hounds.



A BABY FOX. [Kenneth P. Bishop]

But, as they came within half a mile of the cliffs, the huntsmen were horrified to see that the fox kept on in a straight course, followed by the hounds. In a few seconds he would spring over the edge of the height, followed by the hounds, and the whole pack would be dashed in mangled heaps on the rocks 300 feet beneath. The men



FOX CUBS OUTSIDE THEIR "EARTH."

Their mother was killed and the boy in the picture fed the cubs by hand for a long time and kept one as a pet.

shouted, and horns were blown as the horses were reined in to avoid the dangerous cliff; but all to no purpose. Over the edge of the height leaped the fox and the dogs; and the huntsmen returned home to tell the sad tale that the finest pack of hounds in the county had been destroyed.

Not many days afterwards a fox was unearched from the coppice by another band of huntsmen. It took the same course as that just described. Over

THE CRAFTY FOX

went the fox; over went the hounds; and again a sad party went back with the news that a fine pack of hounds had met with sudden death. The strange story was told to an old keeper who knew a good deal of the ways of foxes, and he at once went to the edge of the cliff to watch and think. He lay face downward at the edge of the cliff, with his head overhanging the height. Just beneath the edge, he saw a long dark hole; and he was quite right in believing that it was in this hole that the hunted fox had found shelter when his pursuers thought he had fallen and been killed on the rocks far below. This true story will make you understand the reason why we call the fox crafty.



A FOX LEAVING HIS "EARTH"

(J T Newman.)

Of course it is very cruel to hunt the fox with hounds; but the country-folk are always very glad when they see the men in the red coats riding by in pursuit of the animal which carries away their chickens, and devours their eggs. He is to be found in nearly every quarter of the world; and it was in a sunny corner of the south of Europe that Æsop, the greatest of all writers of fables, wrote the story of the fox that leaped and leaped in vain to grasp a bunch of ripe grapes. When he found that the fruit was quite beyond his reach, the crafty old fox wagged his bushy tail and said—so we read in the old fable—"The grapes are sour."



FOX CUBS

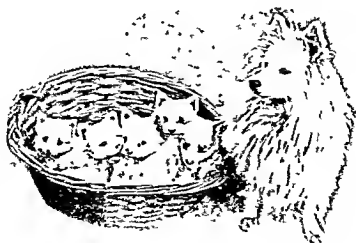
BeClennell

THE CRAFTY FOX

The kind of fox that lives in England and other parts of Europe is fond of eating young rabbits, and is clever enough not to take the trouble of following them into their holes. He notices the holes and the directions in which they lead; and as he has a strong sense of smell, he keeps his nose close to the ground, in order to find the nearest approach to the rabbit-run. Then he burrows with his paws until he has made an entrance; and when he has succeeded it is a sad time for the small rabbits.

A fox's den is so planned as to give the animal the greatest possible shelter from its enemies. It is generally found beneath a rock or the root of a tree; for the crafty creature well knows that it cannot be dug out when its dwelling-place is secured by a strong roof. As soon as the fox finds that the hounds are after him his first and sensible thought is to get back to his den; and when he fails in doing this, he tries all he can to get shelter in some dense wood or coppice of prickly hushes into which the hunters will not easily be able to make their way. Should his cleverness be of no avail it is to his credit, that he does not die like a coward, but turns round to face the hounds and to meet his death in a last fierce fight against desperate odds.

W. R. RICHMOND.



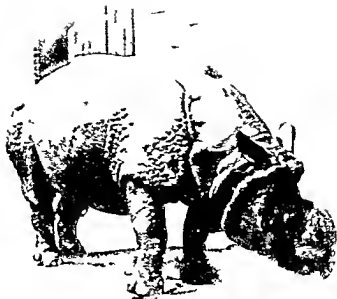
A BASKETFUL.

[A. E. Carter, Ill.]



Art Surcouche

GOING—GOING—GOING—GONE !



THE RHINOCEROS

A Brief Introduction to the Rhino

"Little boy—the Rhino Rhino—the little boy"

ONCE upon a time, long before you, little boy, were born, or your father or your grandfather—long before Julius Caesar came to this land—hundreds and hundreds of years ago—a rhinoceros lived in this island and in London. He died in course of time, and nothing more was heard of him till quite lately. Trees have been cut down and all the face of the country has become changed where the wild forests have been, with wolves and all kinds of terrible creatures, there now are streets and men and women and little boys, and nothing more fierce than motor buses. If that rhino were to come back he would not know his old home. But one day some men were digging for building purposes under the ground in that part of London where they make the newspapers and there they found the skull of that rhino who lived so long ago.

When you see our big friend in the Zoo, mind you remember that his family used to live here before you, and take off your hat to him. Perhaps it is a good thing he does not live here any longer. Your mother is frightened enough at the thought of motor-cars, and what would she think if you might meet with a rhino on your way

THE RHINOCEROS

home from school? "Johnny is late homo," she would say; "perhaps he has been kept in, or perhaps it is a rhino." If he blocked up the lane you would at least have to go round the other way. He cannot keep to the left. He must have the whole road to himself.

He looks very strong and fierce. Let us whisper about it—he must not hear at any price, we must not hurt his feelings—they do say that he is not so very fierce after all. Once a fox-terrier barked at a rhino, so they say, and the rhino ran clean away. Perhaps the sound was rather strange, and all of us know that terriers when they bark are rather alarming. Besides, it must be very undignified for a rhino to fight with a terrier.

Anyhow, he often frightens other people. When he starts running and is at all excited he goes straight along like a motor-car; and like some naughty motor-cars he takes no notice of anything in his way: trees, or beasts, or men.

One thing you must never let him hear you say. He is *not*, as many think, a near relative of the hippo. One little girl used to speak of a rhino-potamus, but she was wrong to mix them up; they are both very big and very crumpled and very ugly—no, we must not say that, but wise men tell us that they are not really much alike. The rhinoceros lives on land, and does not spend so much time in rivers and ponds; of course, he never goes far away, because he needs water to quench his thirst, but the hippo goes a long way beyond quenching his thirst. The rhino has three toes and the hippo four. Then the rhino has that horn, or those two horns, like the curl in the verse about the little girl, "right in the middle of his forehead." Then think of his tiny eyes and his scaly skin! No, the hippo and the rhino are both very big; they are neither of them very beautiful, according to our ideas, but they are not anything like brothers, or even first cousins. It may help you to call the hippo the "river pig" and the rhino "horny-head."

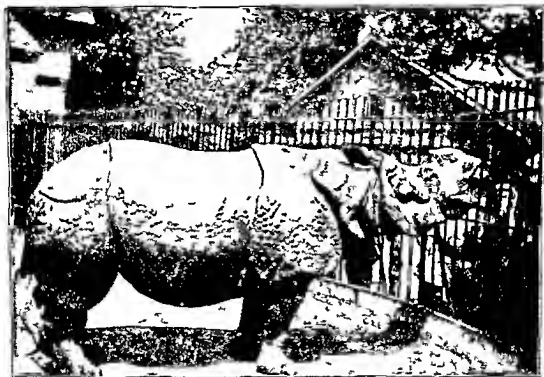
His skin makes you think of an ironclad with its plates bolted together. They call the camel the "ship of the desert," but the rhino is the ironclad. When he is coming along, snorting and puffing, he looks like a man-of-war plunging and rolling, with his horns for funnels.

These horns are not what they seem. They are really growths out of the skin, and are simply masses of hair. They are very useful to him; and as for the mother rhino, she uses hers to guide her little hoy as he trots in front. All wise mothers like their boys and girls

THE RHINOCEROS

to walk in front I wonder why? The horns are useful to the rhino, and very valuable to us, but not so valuable as people used to think.

Once upon a time little was known about the rhino. We know him better now, because he is one of our own subjects in the British Empire. But a long time ago people used to guess when they did not know. The horn of the rhino they thought very wonderful. If a cup were made of it, it would always tell the presence of poison. If poison were poured into it, the horn split in two. In those had



"HE MAKES YOU THINK OF AN IRONCLAD"

[P. G. Luck.]

old days kings were sometimes poisoned, and they thought a horn cup of this kind most useful. It was much better to know poison beforehand. It was very nice to believe all this, but it seems that it was not true. There is only one way of learning about rhinos and every thing else—it is to give up making guesses and to use our own eyes.

But even then the rhino was not altogether a stranger. Six hundred years ago one was sent to the King of Portugal. It was a present, but he did not like it. Most of us find it awkward to know what to do with presents which we do not like. This king thought

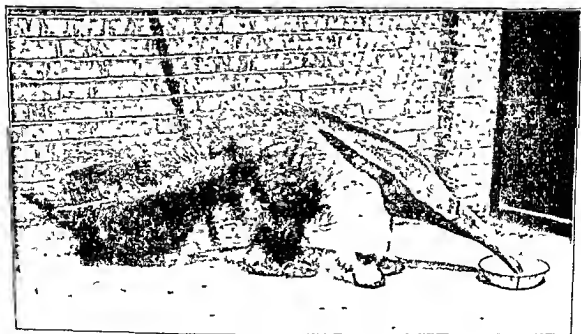
THE RHINOCEROS

it was time he sent a present himself to the Pope, so he shipped the rhino for Rome. Now we have no means of telling whether the Pope would have liked the beast and kept it, or whether he would have thought it time he sent a present to some one else. We do not know, for that rhino had lost all his patience, and he proved so fierce on board the little ship that he sank it, and he and all the crew were drowned.

He does not eat meat, but leaves and grass and bushes; if you have a bun to share he will take it with his upper lip. Next time don't give all your buns to Jumbo; keep one for the rhino and see if he can really take it.

Poor old fellow! He belongs to a race which is getting less day by day; and when you are an old man, little boy, there may be no rhinos to be seen—except in the Zoo. This seems rather sad. They go so far back and they were here before us, and it does look as if there might be room for all of us.

E. S.



THE GREAT ANT EATER.

[After.



READY FOR WORK.

Foxglove Farm

(Photographs by R. W. Cole)

TOM ELTON was a little lad who had spent all his life in a big smoky town in the North of England, where he lived with his mother in a tiny house in a narrow, ugly street. But, though a regular town hoy who had never seen a primrose growing wild, he learned all about country life from his mother, who had been brought up in Devonshire, and who could never forget her old home, Foxglove Farm. She was never weary of telling Tom about the animals on the farm.

"I loved the horses best of all," she would say; "they seemed to understand everything I said to them. Every morning I used to run out to the stables to see them before they went to work, and when I was a little lass I went without sugar in my tea many a time to give it to them. Pretty creatures, I can see them now, standing in the yard with the sun shining on their glossy coats, waiting for the bit of sugar or carrot that they knew I was bringing them. Ah, those were happy days!"

"Don't you think Grandfather will ever ask us to stay with him at Foxglove Farm?" Tom used to ask, but Mrs. Elton always shook her head.

"I'm afraid not, though he lives there all alone," she said sadly.

FOXGLOVE FARM

"Your father and I offended him once, though it was not our fault, and he will not forgive me even now that poor daddy is dead."

So that to go to Foxglove Farm was the very last thing Tom ever dreamt of doing; and yet this is exactly what came to pass. Mrs. Elton, never strong, and forced to struggle hard to keep herself and her boy, became more and more delicate, and at last had a serious illness. The doctor ordered her to be taken to a hospital, and wrote himself to her father, Farmer Brown, to explain matters, and to ask him to take Tom whilst his mother was laid aside. A curt reply came to the effect that the boy was to be packed off to Devonshire without delay, and Mrs. Elton called Tom to her, and told him the great news.



CARTING TIMBER.

"And don't worry about me," she said. "I shall soon get well, and it will be better to me than medicine to hear all about my old home."

So Tom went off next day in good spirits. Farmer Brown, hale and hearty in spite of his grey hairs, met him at the station, and, although he was stern in appearance and gruff in manner, Tom did not feel at all afraid of him. They were soon on friendly terms, and the old man seemed pleased at the boy's delight when they reached the quaint, ivy-covered, many gabled house that his mother had so often described to him.

FOXGLOVE FARM



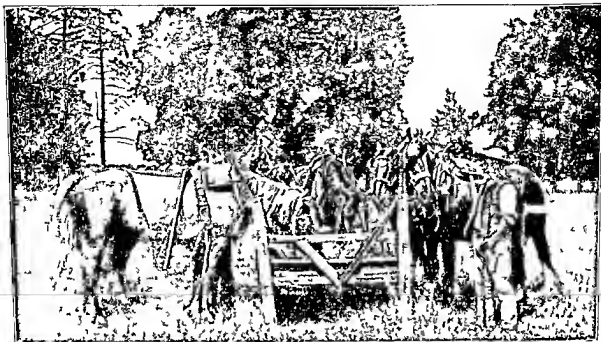
PLOWING.

"You must be wanting your supper after your long journey," he said kindly. "Come in, my lad."

Tom, though rather shy at first, managed to do full justice to the ham and eggs, home-made jam and cake, whilst his grandfather smoked a pipe, and watched him with evident pleasure. Presently the lamp was brought in, and Mr. Brown sent the boy to bed, promising to take him over the farm early next morning.



THE DAY'S WORK DONE.



DINNER TIME.

The sun was shining brightly when Tom and his grandfather set out. First they visited the poultry yard, and had a successful hunt in the hen house for eggs; then they looked at the old sow and her litter of young pigs; after which they made their way to the orchard, where Tom filled his pockets with apples. Then they crossed a meadow where several cows were grazing, and got over a stile into a field, which a man and a boy were ploughing with a team of three horses. Tom went up to the animals at once, offered each an apple, and patted their sleek sides as if he had been used to horses all his life. Farmer Brown looked on approvingly, and told him that the horses' names were Dobbin, Ruby, and Brownie.

"They're doing a bit of fallowing to-day," he explained. "Breaking up the ground ready for seeding later on; it's very hard, you see."

Tom looked at the ploughboy with envious eyes. "Can't I learn to plough? Do let me, Grandfather," he begged.

Farmer Brown chuckled, "Your mother hasn't sent you in farm clothes," he said, with a look at the carefully mended blue serge suit and neat boots that Tom was wearing. "But I'm going to market to-morrow, so you can come with me, and I'll get you some things that you can do what you like in. Only you must make yourself tidy for meals, mind."

FOXGLOVE FARM

The farmer was as good as his word, and next day Tom was owner of a set of corduroys, a pair of hobnailed boots, and a whip that he soon learned to crack. His new clothes turned him into a regular country lad, and he threw himself heart and soul into farm life, devoting himself especially to the horses. He went with them in all their outings; and when the team was sent to haul timber to the saw-mills, he walked all the way by the horses' heads and cheered them on up the steep bits of road in true carter fashion. On busy days everybody stayed out all day, as to go home for dinner would interrupt the work. Tom had delicious meals of cold bacon and bread and cheese under the hedge with the labourers, whilst the horses had their dinner out of a rack filled with hay in the open field, which no doubt was much nicer than having it at home in the stable. They did not take long to empty the rack, and then they were taken down to the big pond to be watered. They were always very eager for



HOMeward Bound.

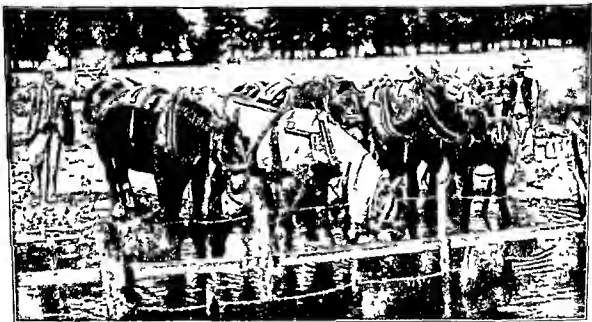
[H. A. 116.]

FOXGLOVE FARM

a long refreshing drink, and they would crowd into the water to cool themselves after their hard work in the hot sun.

Thus, full of happy work and play, the days flew by; and at last a letter came from Mrs. Elton to say that she was nearly well and would soon leave the hospital. Tom longed to see her again, but dreaded leaving the beautiful country, and returning to the dark, noisy street that now seemed so far away.

One evening, work was over, and the horses were being taken home across the fields, when Farmer Brown came to look for his grandson. He held an open letter in his hand, and told Tom to come with him.



A REFRESHER.

They walked together in silence for some time, and then the farmer said suddenly—

“A boy that is not afraid of work, and is as fond of animals as you are, ought to be a farmer. Will you stay with me at Foxglove Farm?”

Tom grew red with delight, and then tears came into his eyes. “I can’t leave mother,” he said.

“But your mother is coming here to keep house for me to-morrow,” said his grandfather. “What do you say to that?”

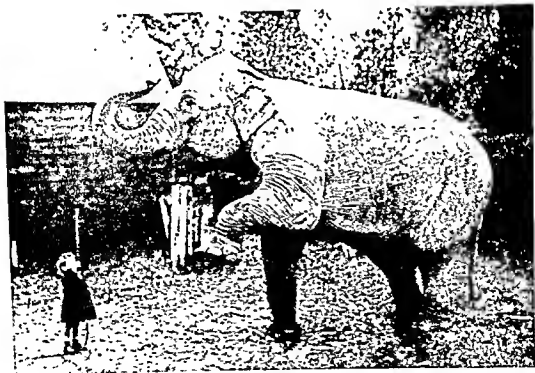
Tom could not say anything, his heart was too full, but he squeezed his grandfather’s hand tight; and the old man understood.

CHARLOTTE OOLVIE.



[Stern.

ELEPHANTS ENJOY A DIP.



"TODY RACED BACK AND TOOK OFF HIS CAP TO HIM."

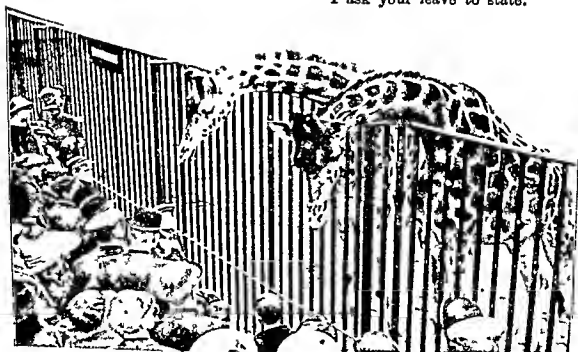
The Giraffe



"GOOD MORNING"

IT was a learned gentleman
With an alphabet after his name,
It was a somewhat impertinent boy
To the Zoo one day who came,
And it was a conversation which
Took place between the same.

It is not what they said of the
hippo,
Which stays in its bath so late,
That you rarely can manage to see
it, and so
It's scarcely worth while to wait;
But it's what they said of the long
giraffe,
I ask your leave to state.



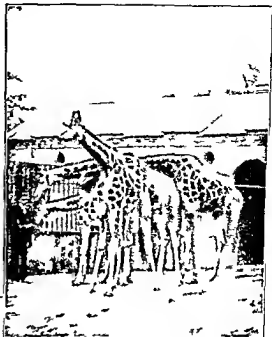
"HAVEN'T YOU ANYTHING FOR US?"

L. J. Sore

THE GIRAFFE

"Suppose," that little boy remarked,
 "That an Eton collar he wore
 Do you think that any shop in town,
 Keeps collars like that in store ?'
 But the scholar he only grunted, then
 The boy went on onco more

If tho collars were sent to the wash
 each week
 In order to keep them clean
 How would they charge for collars such
 As they had never seen ?
 And wouldn't the cost on the usual
 scale
 Be at least one pound seventeen ?



NECK OR NOTHIN G

(P & Lu k.

(R & Cole.

MINDING THE BABY

"When the tall giraffe has
 dinner,
 Which we're not allowed to
 see
 Does he pause for a second
 chunk until
 The first through his neck
 shall be
 Or does he allow two chunks
 to travel
 At once like you and me ?

' But if he went for a change
 of air
 To the sea on a railway train
 And he wanted to stretch that
 lovely neck
 Would he lower the window
 pane ?
 And if a train should be passing
 Would he ever come back
 again ?

THE GIRAFFE

"Or perhaps they would let him travel,
In an open cattle-pen,
But if as he was not looking
They came to a hridge, what then?"
Now the learned man he only frowned
With the frown of learned men.



"And," asked the little hoy once more,
"When tho giraffe is fed——"
But the wise man cried, "Many hetter hoyes
Lre this have gone to hed
For saying much less naughty things
Than the things that you have said."

So with words like these they
went their way,
Nevermore in the Zoo to
meet,
For to visit the Gardens to
hoth of them
Was a very occasional treat.
(But the fewer the times we
are able to go,
The more those times are
sweet.)

Ah, hut I fear if that little
boy
Doesn't change, he will
find some day,
That for questions such as
he likes to ask,
Theremayheaprice to pay,
And his father, or uncle, or
maiden-aunt,
Will have horrid things to
say. E. S.





REVENGE IS SWEET



THE GLEE-PARTY.

Wild Playmates

HOW nice it would be if all the creatures we met out of doors were tame, and would play with us as they do in the fairy stories. Generally they fly away or hide, because they know that most people want to throw stones at them or to pull off their legs and wings, or to hurt their feelings in other ways. So only the flies and the wasps, and other folk that want to play games we don't care about, will come near us, and the others go off to find a part of the garden where there are no human beings to worry them.

But now and again we do find creatures quite tame and friendly. Sometimes it is hunger that brings them to us, as when the frost prevents birds from digging for worms, or the snow has covered all their food, and they come and beg a few crumbs and a sip of water. Sometimes it is the fear that their little naked young ones will catch cold or starve if they are not attended to that makes birds forget their fear of us, and come to their nests even when we stand close by. Sometimes mere curiosity leads creatures to come a little closer, and, if

we keep still, closer yet, to stare at the huge animal that has invaded their own particular part of the world.



By taking advantage of these instincts we can get glimpses of the home life of our fellow creatures



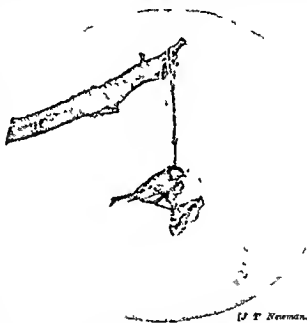
1. ROBIN'S NEST IN TEA KETTLE. 2. BREAKFAST

[J. E. Harrison.]

WILD PLAYMATES

Children must not think that man is the only person worth making friends with, though as we are human beings we naturally think him the most important. No doubt your guinea-pig would say *he* was the most important, for he would talk, if he thought at all about it, of Guinea-Pigs and the "Lower Animals," including such very, very important people as you and me. But we don't mind what guinea-pigs say, do we?

The robin in the picture is so tame that he will perch on the lady's fingers and eat crumbs out of her hand. He is young as yet, and by and by he will find out how dangerous most human beings are, and I am afraid he will no longer come so confidently. It is very

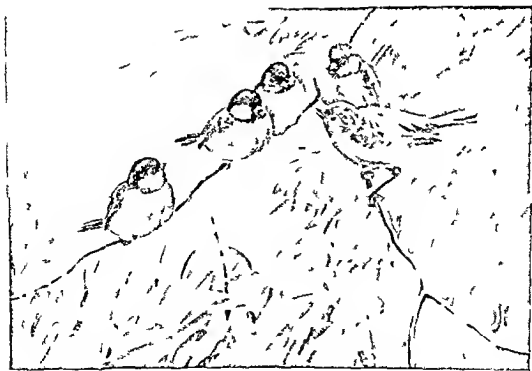


IS T Newman.
THE TOM TIT IS A CLEVER ACROBAT

how we are hated by the in countries creatures ever seen a at first quite friendly. In takes a long effort to that we par-mans don't harm. In panion pic-a robin going rusty kettle its nest and Robins so

often build in an old boot, or kettle, or empty meat tin, that it is quite worth while to hang up something in the garden for them to use. Only take care it is out of pussy's way, or you will find her smacking her lips over a nice dinner of juicy young robins. More often you will find the robin's nest on, or nearly on, the ground. Here, under some heap of dead bracken, perhaps, or a stack of rubbish, they make a cosy little home of dead leaves and moss, lined with a few horsehairs. The eggs are very beautiful objects, pinkish-white, with rich red-brown spots. The shell is thin enough to let the yolk partly show through it; and thus gives the egg its peculiar transparent pinkness.

Sometimes a cuckoo will lay her egg among them while the robin is away, and then the young cuckoo is hatched and fed and cared,



WILD PLAYMATES

for by the little bird as if it were her own child. But she cannot feed her own babies, which are turned out of the nest by the young cuckoo, just as the calf is killed and eaten, or brought up on artificial foods so that you may have the cow's milk. The cuckoo, you see, makes servants of other creatures just as we do.

The tits are little birds which are often very tame. If you hang up a cocoa-nut or a lump of fat by a string you may see them in winter come right up to your window. They, too, will build in all sorts of odd places.

Sometimes thrushes, when they have eggs or young, will be very bold in approaching you. Once I was taking pictures of a song thrush at her nest. When I stepped out of my shelter to break off an ivy leaf that hid one of the young, the old bird immediately flew at my head and brushed my cap with her wings.

You will find it is possible, even in your own garden, to make friends with some of the wild things, and to spend many an interesting hour watching them at work or play.





TO O'S COMPANY THREE IS A CROWD

[Far

A Spring Morning

"GIRLS," said Mr Oshorne, looking in at the schoolroom door one bright morning in early spring "come with me! I'm going to show you all the lambs"

"How lovely, Father!" cried Maud gladly throwing down her books "But what will Miss Brown say?"

"Miss Brown has been good enough to give you both a holiday this morning so come along!"

Maud and Alice raced from the schoolroom, almost as frisky as the lambs they were about to see. Their father could scarcely keep pace with their chatter and laughter, as they hurried him through the park, away to the breezy upland meadow.

"Lambs and girls are pretty much alike, seems to me," laughed their father, as two skittish, long legged lambs frolicked and gambolled round their mother and gave her no peace.

"Father, I'm going to catch those two! I would so love to have them in my arms. I wish I could have them for my own," cried Maud.

"Very well dear. I don't think you'll care to keep them long, but, if you can catch them, you shall have them."

"Thank you, Father dear," cried the two.

Then began a race and a skirmish in which girls' legs and lambs' legs got decidedly mixed, but, finally, almost exhausted with laughter



GIVING HIM HIS BREAKFAST

[Photopress

and the effort of racing after two unwilling lambs, Maud stood triumphantly holding one under each arm. To her astonishment the mother lamb came and stood by her, seeming quite content to trust her offspring to this merry hearted girl.

"Stand still a moment, Maud!" cried her father, and whisking out his pocket camera he took a snapshot. He was a proud, loving parent, and took photographs of his daughters on every possible occasion.

"Now little one," said he, turning to Alice, "we must find a pet for you, I suppose. Old Jim and I have two or three orphaned lambs which still require care. I wonder if you would like one of them."

"Oh, Father! I would love to have a dear little orphan lamb," answered Alice, who had a very tender heart for all things lonely and frail.

"Very well then. Come along! I know where to find one who will suit you exactly," said her father. "Poor little thing! Considering the terrible winter, it's a wonder there are any lambs left."

A SPRING MORNING

Old Jim the Shepherd and I have had some anxious times during the past winter. On a warm sunny day like this it seems impossible that only a short time ago we had to dig the animals out of the snowdrifts to save their lives."

Mam was struggling behind with two kicking lambs and their astonished mother, who nearly tripped her up at every step in her anxiety to possess her babies once more.

Alice clung to her father and begged to hear about the experiences of the winter.

"You didn't tell us at the time, Father, of all you had to do," she said.

"No, dear. I knew you would both insist on helping, and we should have been obliged in the end to dig girls as well as sheep out of the snowdrifts so we said nothing. A number of sheep died of the cold, but Jim rescued the lambs. Many a night during the snow storm he spent out of his own warm bed attending to the farmyard."



ANOTHER BOTTLE BABY

[Fox Photos

A SPRING MORNING

nursery, and he saved the lives of a good many delicate calves and lambs for me.

"The orphaned lambs were fed with nice warm milk from a baby's bottle. Ah, here we are!" Sitting on the ground in a meadow close by they came upon Old Jim's tiny niece busy with three baby lambs. "That one drinking from the bottle is the lamb I thought you would like," said Father.

"Oh, Father! it's the prettiest lamb I've ever seen! May I keep it in the paddock near Sandy's kennel?" Alice added eagerly.

"Yes, if it's not too lonely away from its companions. Which I think it will be," answered her father.

Lucy's little brother, Joe, was quite an expert at getting the lambs to drink their milk from a bottle.

Maud and Alice spent the rest of their half-holiday fondling and feeding their new pets. Carrots, turnips, parsley, milk—all kinds of dainties were tried in turn.





THE KANGAROO

"Lower Creatures"

BOB had reached the age when boys begin to look down upon almost all things except big cricketers and footballers. He despised little girls and thought very little of boys who did not belong to his school. He called them "outsiders." And as for the "lower animals," nothing could exceed his contempt for them. He was cured at the Zoo, I want to tell you how.

He went with an older brother who was home from College, and "a good sort." Together they looked at one beast after another, till at last they found themselves near that lovely pond where the seals and sea lions dive and play, and near to which waddle the Cape penguins.

"I say, Bob," said the brother, "that fellow can swim." For the seal had slipped swiftly through the water.

"Rather," said Bob.

"Could you race him?" asked Tom.

"I wish I could," answered Bob. "then I should swim the Channel."

"Well, then," said Tom, "one of these lower creatures can at least swim better than you."

"LOWER CREATURES"



THE CHEETAH.

1890

"Yes," cried Bob with a chuckle of triumph, "but we'd race him in the *Mauritania*."

"What a clever chap you were," Tom replied, "to invent that steamship."

"None of your chaff!" said Bob with a grin.

"Penguins now," began Tom, "can go farther South, I guarantee, than any *man*, and they too go beautifully through the water; and as for those goats, they can climb over rocks where we should need ropes and guides."

"Oh, I know that," replied Bob; "but man is a jolly sight better than goats and penguins. Why, those penguins don't even know there is a South Pole!"

Tom made no reply until they came to the kangaroo's abode. This Australian animal has a paddock where it can jump about as it likes. Poor thing! It must have a jump now and then. It has a huge tail and very strong back-legs, and since it has to travel over sandy wastes it must move quickly, and so it has the power to take very long leaps—as long as twenty feet.

' LOWER CREATURES '

"Well, it's only one thing," answered Bob, "and besides, he's specially made for it" But he began to feel a little more uncomfortable

They passed along to see the sleepy old tortoise

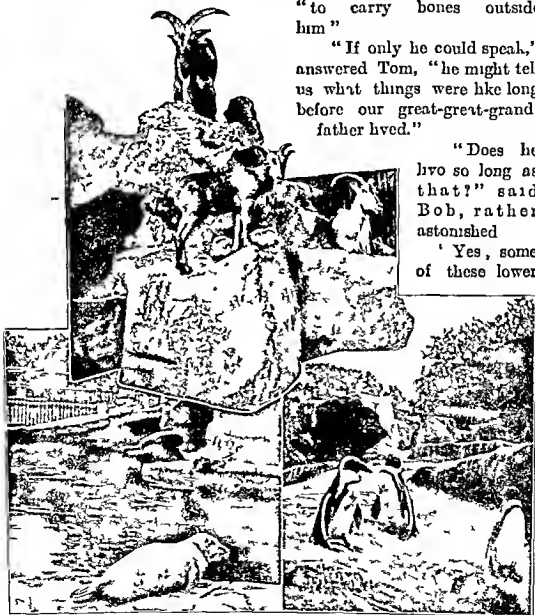
"I wonder how old he is," said Tom, "there scarcely seems to be any reason why he should not live for ever"

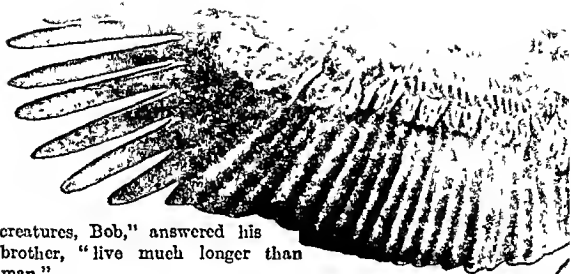
"Odd idea," replied Bob, "to carry bones outside him"

"If only he could speak," answered Tom, "he might tell us what things were like long before our great-great-grand father lived."

"Does he live so long as that?" said Bob, rather astonished

' Yes, some of these lower





creatures, Bob," answered his brother, "live much longer than man."

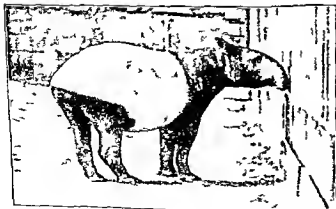
"Look here," cried Bob, "you have been telling me how much these creatures can beat me at one thing or another."

"Yes, I have," said his brother.

"That is all very well," answered Bob, "but how is it they are here in cages and we are looking at them?"

"Why do you think?" asked his brother.

"I suppose," he said, "because man can use his mind and his hands; that is all I can think."



THE TAPIR.

Edmund

"And so," answered the brother, "men made telescopes, and railway trains which go faster than the ostrich, and ships which go faster than the seal, and engines much stronger than the elephant."

"Yes," replied the boy, looking at a huge condor standing on a tree-stump and sunning itself with outspread wings, "men



can fly even faster than the largest bird and they read books which tell them things that the tortoise has forgotten——”

“And,” Tom went on, “make guns which master the wild creatures and cages to keep them in. What clever fellows we are!”

“Yes,” said Bob, “but other people did all that, and we only come in for it”

“Just so,” answered the brother, “and I don’t think we ought to be too proud, ought we? when we see these

humbler friends”

“Right!” cried Bob
“I’ll remember that. But I’m rather hungry, Tom, and you said you would——”

“Come along,” said Tom with a laugh, “buns are all very well for the lower creatures, but man with his mighty mind needs——”

“Icees?” suggested Bob



THE GIANT TORTOISE.

Ed. 1891

Bunny Brown;

Or, the Bold, Bad Bunny

BUNNY BROWN was very angry when it got to his big ears that a mere human being was going to publish a little story about him. How could such a being write the truth about the joys and sorrows of a Bunny's life? He would be much too fat and big even to enter his burrow in the ground. So Bunny determined to tell his own story in his own way.

Here beginneth the tale of Bunny Brown.

"I am called a bold, bad Bunny by my relations, but I think relations are not always correct in their judgment of a Bunny's character. I have my little weaknesses, I own, but I am not *all* bad. I am young and healthy and full of life and spirits, which very often lead me, and others who choose to follow me, into mischief, but I never mean to be bad. My own little furry mother knows that, but she is the only one who believes in me, though I cause her a good deal of trouble.

"My shirt-front is naturally snowy-white, but a few moments after mother has washed it, I don't know how, but somehow it gets as black as ink.

"There is sorrow in my mother's lovely brown eyes as she looks at her dirty boy, but she never says one word. That always hurts me dreadfully and brings the tears to my eyes, and I resolve I will try to keep clean.

"At the time I, Bunny Brown, am telling this tale the snow lies thick on the ground, and sliding and tobogganing are much in vogue. Having *once seen a neighbouring family sliding by moonlight, dressed in quaint little costumes*, it became my ambition to find some clothes and do the same. It was so much safer, too, to be clothed, for should our enemy, Farmer Jones, look out of his window and catch sight of us he would mistake us for small children, but without such disguise he would shoot at us without a moment's hesitation.

"His mind seems to be filled with one thought—how to exterminate rabbits. I believe that to be his sole aim in life. But he has never caught us yet, and we have often had a nibble at his tender young lettuces. These are better than any grown roundabout, and that, no doubt, is why he hates us so, for we simply *cannot* leave them alone. Mother has strictly forbidden us to eat them; she says there



THE SLIDE. *

BUNNY BROWN

are plenty of nice things provided for us without our stealing from a good man. I wonder if a juicy young lettuce is the awful temptation to mother it is to me, or is she stronger to resist? At any rate, I always fall, and after such a fall I always avoid mother's eye.

"Now I was about to fall again, for I was determined to get those clothes. I called my brothers and sisters together, and we agreed, after a great deal of unnecessary advice from everyone, to make a raid upon our neighbours and carry off *their* clothes.

"As a matter of course I was the one chosen to pay a friendly call to the hurrows in the hedge across the field.

"So off I went, springing in the air for mere joy, and then pausing with ears erect, listening for Farmer Jones's footstep. The coast was clear, and away I bounded, my little white tail twinkling behind me.

"Imagine my amazement when, in the very first hurrow I entered, I found hanging up rows of clothes and a board on which was written:

'Mrs. Bunny Isaacs has left off clothes of all descriptions and invites inspection.'

"Back I scampered to the others to tell the glorious news.

"One of my more timid sisters suggested I should ask mother if she would buy the clothes for us.

"'Let it be so,' I said; 'we will get them honestly if we can, but have them we will.'

"Once more I was chosen as ambassador. Being bold and bad puts a lot of work on to one's shoulders.

"'Mother, dear,' I began, 'we are all of us overcome with a longing for clothes, and I know where you can buy them, too!'

"'Nonsense, child! What could be more beautiful than your own well-fitting fur coats with white tippet and tail? My children, too, are famed for the quality of their furs!'

"'Yes, that may be all true, but we *do* want to wear clothes. Do let us, there's a dear!'

"'No, child, no!'

"When mother said No! in that tone it was no use to argue any longer, so, having failed to get our clothes honestly, we set to work to do the best we could.

"We all crossed the field to beard Mrs. Bunny Isaacs in her own hurrow.

"'What is the price of your 2d. coats?' said I.

"I cannot understand to this day why they all laughed so.

BUNNY BROWN

" 'Mother says will you fit us all and put the things on one side She will come to fetch them and settle with you later ' "

" Mrs Bunny Isaacs was dehghted at the prospect of so large an order and took pains to fit us each in turn Then the bundle was laid on one side to be called for hy mother.

" During the whole proceeding I had narrowly watched to find out Mrs Bunny Isaacs' weak points One of them I quickly discovered to be intense curiosity, she asked so many questions as she fitted on her goods

" "I must work upon that," thought I, ' to get her out of the way while we secure the bundle ' "

" "Have you ever met my mother ? ' I inquired

" "No, my dear, I think not Is she good-looking, and is she happy with your father ? ' "

" "Ah," said I, ' she is most pcculiar-looking, and she and father quarrel frightfully We left them hard at it What fun it would be if I took you over to introduce yon ' "

" At that moment, I must own, I was entirely had, for mother and father had never been known to quarrel in their hves Father would have had no objection, I think, hut mother says it always takes two to make a quarrel and she would never be one of the two

" Mrs Bunny Isaacs' curiosity was roused at oncc, and you only have to look at the picture to see the result of our scheming

" It is true a ' little thing may cause a lot of trouble,' and after great joy comes sorrow Our little sister nearly died, but that tumble cured me of stealing "



I AM CALLED A BOLD BAD BUNNY BY MY RELATIVES.

EMILY KLICKMANN.

The Sea Eagle



THE SEA EAGLE

(Levy & Sons)

WHEN the storms in fury break,
Boys and girls must shelter
take,
For their little garments' sake

But the eagle in the sky,
When the storm is raging high,
Right above the clouds may fly

When with hunger little boys
Are distracted from their joys
And their dearest pleasure
cloys,

They must bear it until tea,
But whene'er they hungry be
Eagles swoop into the sea,

Or they take a tiny sheep,
(Making its poor mummy weep)
To their home on mountains
steep

When it's May the children know
They must not expect the snow,
With the eagles tis not so

For if *they* are tired of Spring
Out they spread each mighty wing
And they go like anything

Or when comes December bleak,
They may for the summer seek
And return another week

Boys who now short knickers wear,
When they ve grown (and pay the fare)
Can have rides upon the air

When the lords of land and sea
All go flying—presently—
Will the eagle jealous be ?

E S



A TIGHT SQUEEZE



DINNER TIME
Trained Chimpanzees at the New York Zoo

(Fleet Agency)

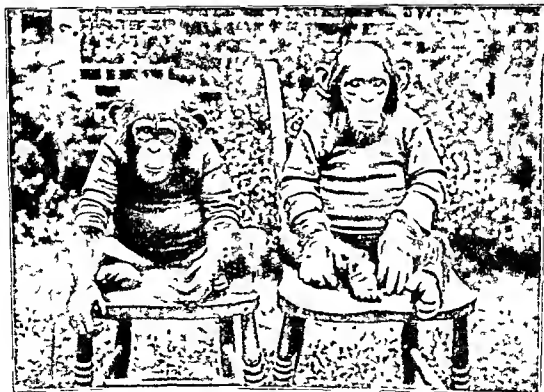
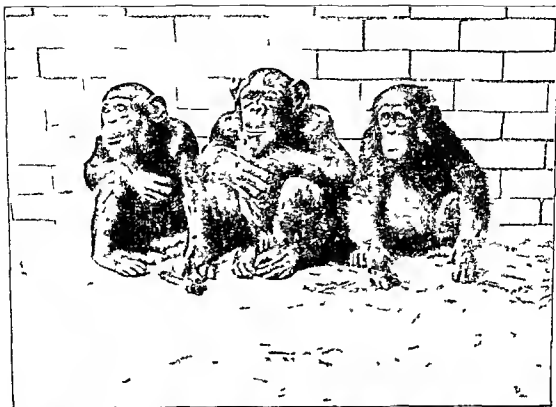
Monkeys

EVERYONE who goes to the Zoological Gardens makes a point of seeing the Monkey House. Many of you have doubtless watched the curious antics of the Zoo monkeys and enjoyed their funny ways. The playtime of monkeys seems to last nearly all day, and it is great fun to watch them carcering round their cages, playing catch-as-catch-can, hanging head downwards, or jumping, leaping and scampering about. The funniest sight of all is to see a monkey examining himself in a looking-glass.

When you look at the chimpanzees your first thought will certainly be, "How very like men they are!"

This may not be very complimentary to the monkeys, but it is certainly a fact that of all the apes the chimpanzee is most closely connected with man, both in structure and looks. It is only found in Africa. I have seen a photograph of a negro boy with a chimpanzee on either side, and really, it was hard to say which was the best or worst-looking of the three!

The chimpanzee is a powerful animal and possesses very long arms. The ears are very prominent, as also are the man-like wrinkles on the forehead. Notice also how long the toes are. The chimpanzee lives principally in the jungle, but in some parts of the vast African Continent it is found in the mountains. Its food consists of fruit, but



CHIMPANZEES.

MONKEYS

in captivity it will also eat meat. The home, or nest, is built in a tree.

The intelligence of these monkeys is really wonderful, and they become much attached to those in charge of them. The famous "Sally," who lived at the Zoo, was one of the most interesting chimpanzees ever seen. Her body has been preserved and is now kept in the Hon. Walter Rothschild's museum at Tring.

These docile monkeys are taught many clever tricks by their keepers. I have seen "Mickie" kiss the keeper in a



(P. A. Luck.)
YOUNG ORANG-UTANS AND THEIR KEEPER.



WAITING FOR DINNER.

very human manner, and also pretend to cry when given a pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes chimpanzees are dressed in men's clothes and taught to sit down at a table and eat and drink, and to ring a bell when the next course is required. They will also walk along the street in company with an attendant, carry a walking-stick, ride in a motor-car, wear a silk top hat, and do many other clever things. Sally was able to count quite well, and when asked to pick a certain number of straws out of her cage could always do so.

The gorilla is a most ugly-looking creature. It is very powerful, and has a huge chest

MONKEYS

and long arms. Specimens have been known at least 6 ft. in height and weighing as much as 400 lbs., about three times as heavy as a man! These huge animals live in trees and, like the chimpanzee, are very fond of fruit. Generally, a grunt is the only vocal power exercised by this powerful beast, but when it is in a temper or excited it utters a loud roar. It is only found in certain parts of Africa, but little is really known of its habits. Some travellers state that, although such a heavy and gruesome-looking animal, it is of a gentle disposition; others say the reverse is the case. The nest—if such it can be called—is made in the lower branches of trees, and the female also uses the structure as a resting-place. The male, it is stated, sleeps on the ground, with its huge back placed against the nest tree, in order to guard its family against the attacks of leopards.

The baboon is another most interesting monkey. Those who have seen these creatures in a wild condition say that



THE STREET MUSICIAN'S MONKEY.

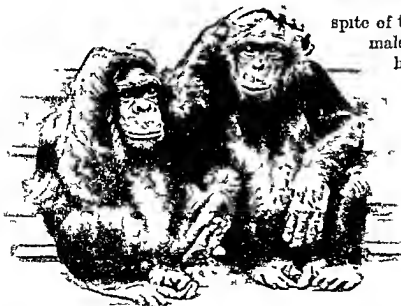
(Gordon.)

MONKEYS

they are very fierce and also very wise. They form into companies for the purpose of attacking anyone or anything. They roam about the country like outlaws, robbing and killing wherever they can. No mercy is shown them in Africa, where they do a great amount of harm in cultivated districts. The baboon is not content with a fruit diet, for he will eat corn, insects, lambs, and other things. This monkey certainly looks what he is, a veritable robber, but even this ill-tempered species sometimes shows courage and self-sacrifice. A well-known traveller records that he once noticed a young baboon who had been cut off from the others of his party. The traveller had a number of dogs with him, but, in



CHACMA BABOON



HEADACHES.

spite of these, when an old male baboon saw the helpless plight of the young one, rather than leave the youngster to be torn to pieces by the dogs, he approached and barked defiance at the dogs, actually making them

14/10/10

MONKEYS

cower Then the brave creature picked up the baby and bore it off safely to where the band of baboons were waiting a little distance away

Another picture shows two young orang-utans and their keeper This monkey is found in Borneo and Sumatra The orang is not so like a man as is the chimpanzee It usually stands about four feet



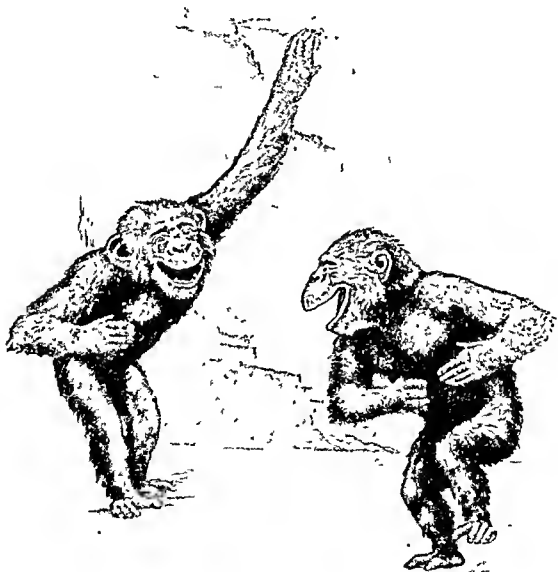
A CHIMPANZEE ACTING AS FOSTER MOTHER TO YOUNG LEOPARDS
[Krydane Film Co.]

high Like the gorilla and the chimpanzee, it mostly lives in trees When seen on the ground it is awkward and ungainly in its movements, but it climbs and runs and brings about trees with much skill The orang mostly feeds on leaves and fruit and makes its chief meal about noon It has a large head, strong arms and a thick neck, with yellowish red and long hair on the shoulders and thighs Only on rare occasions, we are told, will the orang ntan attack man but if brought

MONKEYS

to bay it is a dangerous animal and will bite very savagely. In captivity these make interesting pets, but they rarely live very long when deprived of freedom. The orang can be taught many things, but the chimpanzee far exceeds it in intelligence. These creatures love to copy the movements of human beings, a fact that makes it easy to teach them all sorts of tricks.

W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. M.B.O.U.



The Wolf

WOLVES are creepy things but no British boys and girls need fear them now. Once there were thousands of them in Great Britain, and little Anglo Saxons and Normans a long time ago must have trembled in their beds when they heard the wolves howling. The scene of this story is laid in Russia, where wolves are still to be found. Stories about wolves must be a wee bit creepy, but this ends happily anyhow.

In the wide plains of Russia, about ten miles from a small city, there lived a family consisting of father and mother, two big lads, Ivan and Michael, and quite a line of little children. When winter came, and it was near Christmas, the small boys and girls had the greatest treat of the year, for in their sleigh they went to the city and bought presents and looked at all the bright shops.

They went early in the day and did not come back till long after dark, of course they chose a moonlight evening as all country people do, and of all that lovely day the ride back at night over the plain and through the wood was the loveliest.

The boys, left at home by themselves, tramped over the snow, and imagined all kinds of adventures, but at one spot they thought they were on the track of *real* adventures, for there, in the snow before them, were some curious footmarks.

"It might be a dog or a fox," said Ivan, "but I think it's a wolf."

Michael laughed.

"Rot!" he cried, "wolves don't come as near as this."

"Why not?" asked Ivan. "And now I come to think about it, what about the sheep they have missed lately at the farm?"

"Let's draw the marks," said Michael, "and ask Dad. He'll know."

They had the greatest confidence in their father, who seemed to know every bird and animal that ever came near. When he came in to tea, they showed him the drawing.

"It's very much like the mark of a wolf," he said, "and in any case it's as well to get ready."

Down he took his gun, the boys also took theirs, and very quietly they were ready. It must have been just at that moment that they saw against the sky line the black figure of a wolf on the hill in the snow. It was only there for a short time, but it was long enough for the boys' father to know it.

THE WOLF

"There's no doubt," he said, "it's a wolf, and we must hurry."

They followed the track step by step, but after a time they were startled to see the single track lost in a great number of footmarks.

"There's a pack," exclaimed Ivan. His father looked serious.

"What about Mummy and the children?" asked Michael. His father looked grave; that was the very thing he had been thinking all the time.

"Let's move as quickly as we can," he said, "and we'll be in time."

It was not long before they heard the tinkle of bells coming from the direction of the city. But at the same time they heard a distant howling which told them that the wolves, too, were not very far away.

The merry party had set out for home full of joy and with many parcels; and though even so much of the day was over there was still the drive.

The moon was beautifully clear; the bells were jingling; but the skilful driver heard, and the mother soon heard, the distant howls; and at last the children began to fear some danger, and cuddled near to their mother.

The driver went as swiftly as he could, but not so swiftly as the wolves; soon their black bodies could be seen coming nearer and nearer. Before the travellers stretched the well-known wood; but by the time they were within fifty yards of it the wolves were scarcely twenty yards behind.

But suddenly there was the crack of a rifle, then another, then another; at each crack a wolf fell. Once more three rifles fired from out of the wood, and once more three wolves fell. At this the others seemed to pause, and the sleigh rushed into the wood. And there the children saw the faces of their father and the two boys, and all their fears vanished.

"You're a good shot, Dad," said one of the little ones.

"But the boys are just as good, the young rascals!" said the father with a smile.

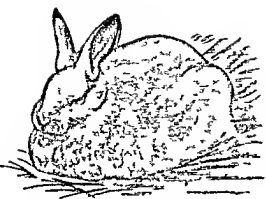
"How did you know, Dad," asked one little fellow, "there were wolves about?"

Then the little ones heard all the story; and very creepy but very happy they went to bed that night.

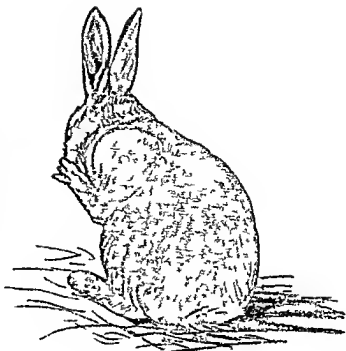
E. S.



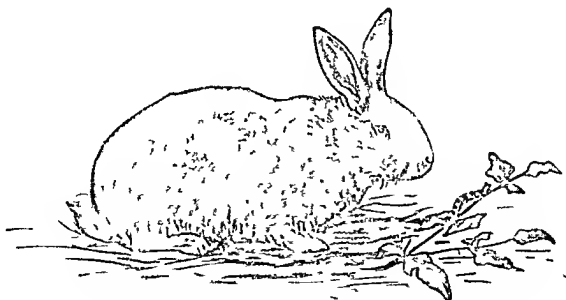
THE CARES OF A FAMILY



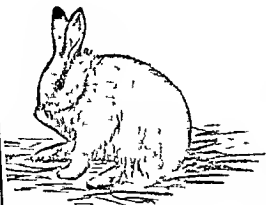
6 30 A M FELT VERY SLEEPY.



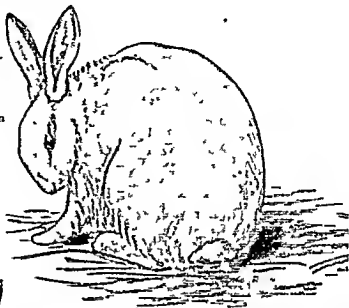
7 A M HAD A HASTY WASH AND DRUG UP



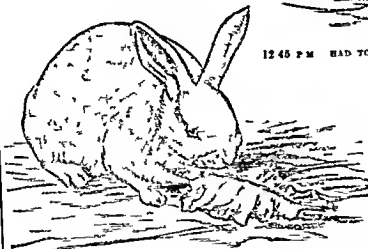
8 A M CAME IN RATHER LATE FOR BREAKFAST AND FOUND SOMEONE ELSE HAD KATE'S
MIST OF IT



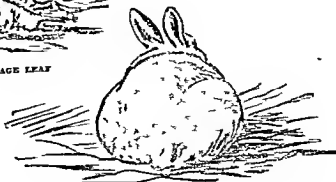
10 A.M. CLEANED MY GLOVES BEFORE GOING
TO MARKET



12 45 P.M. HAD TO WASH MY HANDS AGAIN BEFORE LUNCH



1 P.M. FOUND A NICE JUICY CABBAGE LEAF



NOTHING LIKE A GOOD SLEEP AFTER A MEAL.

The Goslings' Adventures

IT was Michaelmas Eve, a truly glorious day.

"It might be midsummer!" remarked Mrs. Farmer to her husband, as she picked up a pail of corn outside her door, and began to fling grain to the hundreds of geese, ducks, and fowls which came flocking round her. Down the hillside, over the stream, they came, cackling, hissing, and quacking—making a deafening noise to show they were more than ready for breakfast.

"My word," exclaimed Mrs. Farmer, "what a strife and a noise 'tis with you creatures! Can't 'ear myself speak!—howsomever, you be fine fat geese, sure enuff, and a heautifuller day for killin' and plucking some of 'ee never shined out of the heavens! Beautiful, isn't it, Jim?" continued she, turning to her husband.

"What's plucking geese mean?" asked some little fluffy yellow goslings of their parents.

"I don't quite know, goslings," answered the goose. "Ask your father—he knows everything."

Father Gander guessed pretty well what it meant, for he had just seen two or three of his mates being carried off by Mr. Farmer into an outhouse. He didn't like the look of things at all, but he did not intend to show that he was nervous.

"Plucking is not a nice word for goslings to hear or repeat—it is a very vulgar word," answered the gander, "and in order that you may forget it, your mother and I will take you for a nice walk to see the world."

"Oh, how lovely!" cackled the ten goslings; and they began to stretch their necks, and to hiss, and to plume their feathers in readiness for the treat.

"Darlings, you must be very good and obedient," murmured Mother Goose, who was nervous about her offspring.

The walk that Father Gander had decided upon was through the valley to the high road. A grand place that high road for sight-seeing, but one beset with danger!

Up the valley started the little procession in the warm September sunshine. Everything delighted the goslings, who gobbled up worms, wallowed in the mud, hunted for frogs, snapped at the luscious, low-lying blackberries, and chased the flies which buzzed around them.

At last they came to the high road.

THE GOSLINGS' ADVENTURES

"Now, goslings, keep close!" was the gander's stern command. "There are terrible fiends called motors, and if you don't take care you will get run over."

"What is a motor?" asked the eldest gosling.

"Oh!" began the gander, "it's a terrible thing like a——"

But before he could get any further a loud ting-a-ling-a-ling was heard, and something flashed by, causing the goslings great fright. They all flew hither and thither; one got his wing grazed, another humped into his father with such force that he sent the poor gander rolling into a dust heap.

"You little stupids!" hissed the gander when the excitement was over. "That's not a motor! That's only a bicycle!"

"Oh!" gasped the goslings, who had never even heard of a bicycle.

"A motor-car is much worse," continued the gander. "It's a real demon! When once you've seen one, you will never forget it."

"Keep close, goslings!" screeched Mother Goose. "Here's a motor!"

Again the goslings lost



"MORE THAN READY FOR BREAKFAST."

THE GOSLINGS' ADVENTURES

their nerve when they were confronted with a real motor-car. They scuttled any way but the right, screaming with fright as they went.

Two of them fluttered along until they came to the Post Office door, where the Post Mistress's cat was seated, far too well accustomed to motor-cars to be in the least perturbed by the sight of one. But she did not like being suddenly pounced upon by two impudent goslings, and she cuffed them well for their impertinence.

The gander and the goose arrived at the Post Office with the rest of their frightened family. Each had some startling incident to relate, but the gander stopped their cackling by telling them that they deserved all they got for being so easily frightened. He, poor fellow, was very cross—the responsibility of such a large family was too much for him. To his further annoyance, the two youngest goslings, who were of an inquisitive turn of mind, waddled right into the Post Office, past the cat, who was still cuffing the elder goslings. The Post Mistress was stamping piles of letters and parcels for the outgoing mail, and she was very angry at this intrusion. First she whisked her apron at them, which excited the goslings greatly, so that they took a wrong turning and fluttered into the kitchen instead of out at the front door. Then the Post Mistress actually took up a large ball of twine, and threw it at the intruders, who scuttled out as fast as their trembling legs and beating hearts would let them.

"Now, goslings, no more of this nonsense!" said the gander, when the two were calm again. "I see a thick mist rolling up over the hills from the sea. If you do not keep close to us you will get lost, and the foxes will eat you. Follow your mother and me, and don't cackle. We will go straight home."

Off waddled gander and goose, with their little ones in their train. All went well for the first half of their journey; then four goslings at the back of the procession got very tired, and dawdled along so that they soon got left behind, and the thick sea-fog hid the rest of their family entirely from view.

"Oh!" cried little Fluffy to her brothers, "I'm so tired! I can't waddle any more!"

So the three little brothers made a nest for their sister in the soft turfy grass, into which they all huddled to keep warm.

Suddenly they were startled by a sound of scraping near by.

"Foxes!" cried the frightened goslings.

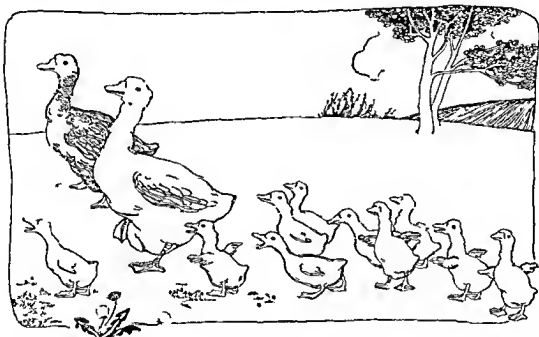
They could hear a sniffing sound, and Fluffy declared afterwards

THE GOSLINGS' ADVENTURES

that she felt the breath of some animal on her face. She was quite sure it was a fox. Perhaps she was right; in any case, the fox had no time to hurt them, for just at that moment they heard the cheery voice of Dicky, the farm-boy, and saw the light of his lantern.

"They good-for-nawthin' goslin's," said he, as he stumbled along, "makin' me trapse long 'ere, jist as I was agoin' to 'ave a bit of bapple pie and crame, jist for a treat like. I'll be the death of they tiresome critturs, little varmint's! I'll crack my stick over their hacks!"

But, somehow, the goslings knew he would do no such thing



"OFF WADDLED GANDER AND GOOSE, WITH THEIR LITTLE ONES IN THEIR TRAIN"

Dicky was too good and kind. It was only his way of talking

Fluffy was not at all frightened when a minute later she felt herself seized by Dicky and tucked cosy under his ragged coat.

They all expected a scolding from Father Gander on their return, but to their surprise he fondled them most affectionately

"La! Dicky boy! I be right glad yon've found they goslin's!" exclaimed Mrs. Farmer, as she hurried out into the farmyard. "I would'n' 'ave lost they pretty little critturs not for all the Michaelmas geese that's in the market, so there!" was Mrs. Farmer's final remark,

THE GOSLINGS' ADVENTURES

as she whisked Fluffy up into her arms, to see whether any harm had befallen her

So, after all, the goslings' first day of sight-seeing ended happily

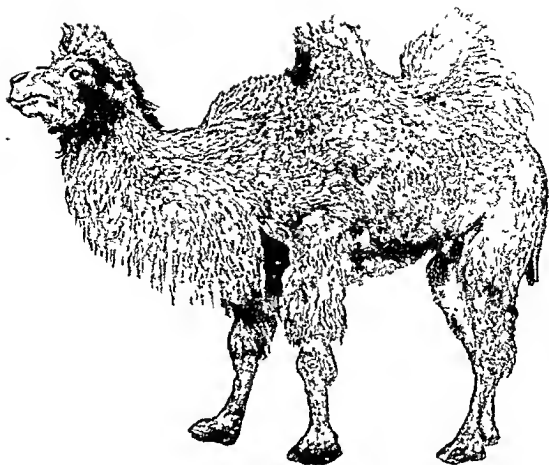
EDITH E. CARTER



"ANYTHING FOR ME?" [Tears and General]



RABBITS



BACTRIAN CAMEL.

A Day at the Zoo

"You may go to the Zoo for a lark,
 You may look on the Zoo as a school,
 You may call it a kind of a park,
 But I think, as a general rule,
 Some larks, some instruction, and one bun or two,
 Give the best way of spending an hour at the Zoo"

"**S**PEAKING of the Zoo," said Janet at breakfast
 "But no one was speaking of the Zoo," replied her father mildly.

"Half-term, Daddy, you know," Janet resumed, "and I feel rather like the Zoo"

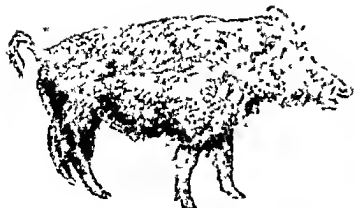
"I wouldn't *eat* like it," said father severely, "if I were you."

"Me, too?" asked Jack, rather anxiously.

"That's settled," said Janet with a sigh of relief

Their father, to tell the truth, felt uncommonly like the Zoo

A DAY AT THE ZOO



WILD HOG.

himself, and yielded at once. He always pretended that he thought only of the children; but *they* knew better.

What they did that day at the Zoo there is no time to describe. They did all the usual things, but somehow there is always something fresh to be seen,

and the old friends always astonish you. The elephant looks bigger every time, and as for the neck of the giraffe, it grows for all the world like a telescope which pulls out.

"I think," said the father, "it would not be altogether out of place for us to look at the pigs. Shall I tell you a little about pigs?"

"Not too much," Janet remarked, "and you might forget my breakfast, Daddy."

"I adore piggies," said little Jack. "I can draw lovely piggies."

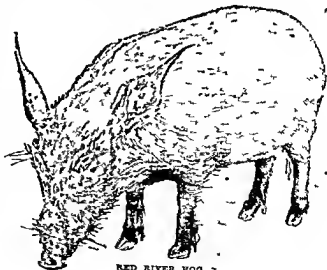
"Perhaps you haven't seen these kinds," said the father, pointing to two of the cages. "This one is called the Red River Hog, and he comes from West Africa. Africa is a splendid place for wild beasts: elephants, lions, snakes, and hundreds of others are there."

"I shall go to Africa," remarked Jack, "when I grow up."

"If you do," answered their guide, "you might see this hog and some of his relatives. You wouldn't think that the Hippo was a relative, would you?"

"A very big bruvver," said the boy.

"More correctly, perhaps, a distant cousin," resumed the father, "only many times removed. Now this Red River Hog is not so very terrible to look at; he pays more attention to his ears than to his tusks.



RED RIVER HOG

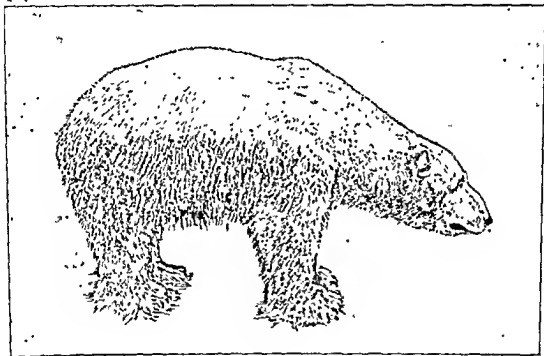
A DAY AT THE ZOO

and it is really the tusks that make hogs dangerous. Look at the Wart Hog. He is not a bit nice-looking, and he goes in for tusks. He looks fierce enough, but is not so fierce after all; and if you care to scratch his back with my umbrella, he will take it as a kindness. Do you happen to have learned at school, Janet, what he is called in Africa?"

"No," answered Janet, "we haven't got to that in our class."

"Listen then," said her father, "and say it after me:

"INDILOVUDAWANL"



POLAR BEAR.

"Don't you think," said Janet quietly, "it is time we changed the subject? Suppose we have a peep at the Polar Bear."

"Is the Polar Bear," asked Jack, as they made their way to the Bear quarters, "the bear that climbs the pole?"

"No," was the answer, "that is another of the same name. The Polar Bear is so called because he discovered the Pole long before Peary. He is larger than the other kind, and he is white or creamy white."

When they reached the Bears' new quarters they found the white bears mere jolly and larky than ever.

"They must miss the snow and the ice," said the father of the

A DAY AT THE ZOO

two children, "but they have more society here. Sometimes it must be rather lonely on those icebergs."

"Rather shippy, too," said Janet.

"I wish they would show us the underside of their feet," answered her father, "and then you would see how they are able to stand on the ice. The soles are covered with fur, and that gives them a safe foothold when they are going for a voyage on an iceberg or fishing for food."

"Did he get to the South Pole?" asked Janet.

"No," said her father, "he but there he seems able to go

keeps to the North; almost everywhere."

It would be jolly if we could visit through the Zoo and see squirrels, and smile at the waddling penguins, but we shall have to make a great kangaroo

follow these little them coax the ling penguins, but jump just like the

"When is a bird a bird?"

asked the father.

"When he can fly," answered Jack

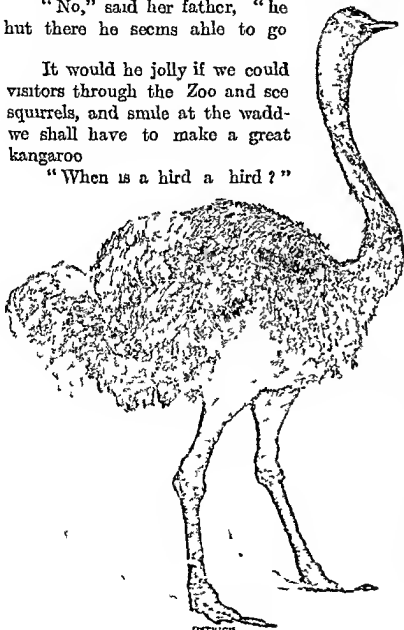
"Is an ostrich a bird?" was the next question

"Yes," said Jack, rather timidly.

"And can he fly?" asked his father. That settled Jack.

"No, the ostrich could not fly; so it follows that some birds cannot fly. The penguin, for example, can walk and swim, and cannot fly, but all the same he is a bird."

"I should



OSTRICH

A DAY AT THE ZOO

think," said Janet, looking at the ostrich, "that if it came to a Marathon race in the Zoo, the ostrich would come in nearly first"

"He is certainly very fast," answered the father, "and over the long, long desert he would move very quickly. But somehow or other he has never needed to fly, and now he will probably never learn. It looks as if there will be no ostriches before long. He can move very fast, but he cannot escape from man, no creatures can race bullets. He used to live in many parts of the world, but he is now only found in South Africa and Arabia. But you see that other bird of the emu kind? Can you read the name?"

"Cassowary," said Janet

"Yes," answered her father, peeping at the catalogue, "some cassowaries live in Australia and some in Papua, and this one in Ceram. Look that up on the map, when you go home"

"That means," remarked the little girl, "that Daddy doesn't know where it is"

"The cassowary," pro-
curious spine-like feathers,
as you can see. And Jack,
swim. He goes to bed at
about like the ostrich. He
forgot to say that he lives

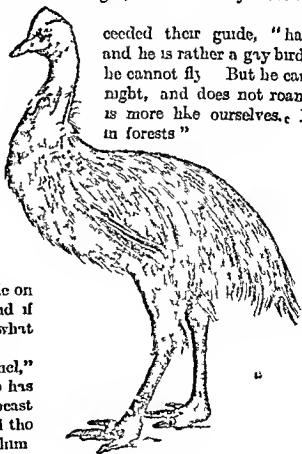
"Can you repeat all
that," asked Janet sternly,
"without the book?"

"Are you a bit
tired?" answered her
father, turning to the
little fellow

"I wish I could have a ride on
that camel," said Jack, "and if
only he would take us home, what
fun it would be!"

"That's the Bactrian camel,"
remarked his father, "and he has
two humps. He is a splendid beast
for carrying, but I am afraid the
keepers would not let us have him.
Besides, we couldn't find room for

ceeded their guide, "has
and he is rather a gray bird,
he cannot fly. But he can
night, and does not roam
is more like ourselves. I
in forests"



CERAM CASSOWARY

him. The Arabian camel, on which the old patriarchs you read about in the Bible rode, has only one hump. The camel is a splendid carrier in the desert. Do you know why?"

"Because he carries his food with him," answered Janet.

"He's like one of those dinner-trains," said her father, "which carry all the food you need, and you haven't to stop. The camel takes his refreshments with him. Look at his knees! That's through his having to kneel in order to take his loads. But, after all, we are not camels, are we, Jack?"

"It doesn't matter much, Dad," answered the little girl, "because over there is a place where we can get all kinds of chocolates and buns and——"

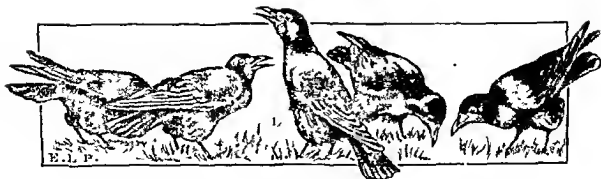
"Come along, let's race there," said their guide. They raced hard. Janet won, Jack was second, Dad was last. So he had to pay for all three.

E. S.





BEARS AT PLAY



Rooks

WHAT curious birds these are! How loudly they "caw" as they sit on the topmost branches of a lofty tree, and what numbers of them one often sees flying home in the evening, one behind another, after a long expedition in search of food!

But I am afraid that they are not always very clever birds. They never seem to know, for instance, when the spring-time has come, and if there should be a sharp frost in November or December, they always think when the thaw follows that the winter is over, and get very excited, and begin to patch up their nests and make them ready for use! If they drop a piece of stick, too, when they are building, they never seem to think of picking it up, but go off to look for another instead.

But they have very strict laws, which they never allow to be broken. One of these is that a pair of young rooks must not build on a tree at a distance from those which are inhabited by the rest of the colony. If they do, some of the old rooks go and pull their nest to pieces. And they will do this over and over again, until the young couple build on one of the trees in the rookery itself.

Another law is, that no rook shall steal a piece of stick from another rook's nest. Theft, indeed, is looked upon by these birds as a very serious crime indeed, and if an offender is caught in the act he is pecked to death by his fellows.

Sometimes they seem to try a thief in a sort of court of justice, which is known as a "rook parliament." Several birds sit on the ground in circles, one inside another, and in the centre is the culprit, carefully guarded. A great deal of cawing then takes place, and the birds seem to be giving their opinion as to whether the prisoner has committed the crime of which he is accused or not. Sometimes they decide that he is innocent, and in that case they all fly away

ROOKS

together. But if they find him guilty, he is sentenced to death, and is immediately killed.

I want you to think of rooks as among the most useful birds that we have in this country. For they feed chiefly upon those mischievous grubs which live underground and do so much damage by attacking the roots of our crops and growing plants.

There is the grub of the cockchafer, for instance—a great, fat, white creature, which is only too common in parts of the country. For three whole years it lives on, nibbling away at the roots of plant after plant, and destroying far more than it eats. We do not know where it is, so that we cannot get at it and kill it. But the rook finds out, drives down his stout beak into the ground in precisely the right spot, and pulls the grub out in a moment.

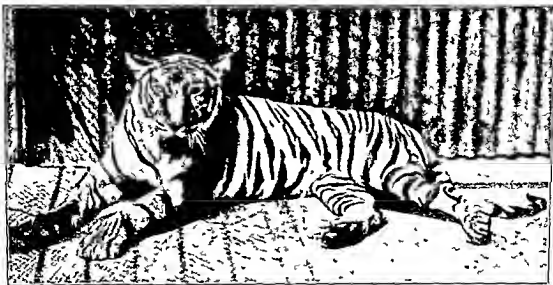
Then there are the caterpillars of the turnip moth, which will sometimes destroy almost all the turnips in a field. The rook devours these in hundreds and thousands. There are the wireworms, which do so much damage to the corn, and the “leather-jackets,” or daddy-long-legs grubs, which are so destructive to pasture. The rook eats these too. How many of them he kills in the course of a year it would be impossible to say: probably many thousands. And if he does sometimes pull up a turnip plant or a sprout of wheat, we must remember that a grub was feeding at its roots, and would have killed, not only that one plant, but a great many others as well if the rook had allowed it to live.

When the fields are being ploughed you may see numbers of rooks walking after the plough, and keeping a sharp look-out for the worms and grubs which are turned up. A little later on you may notice them digging for themselves, and pulling up grub after grub for hours together. And the only mischief that can be laid at their door is that in very hot, dry weather, when they cannot find anything to drink, they will carry off a little fruit, or perhaps a juicy young potato, just to quench their thirst. But I think that we may fairly consider these as the wages which we have to pay to the birds for all their useful work during the rest of the year. Don't you?

THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.



A SURPRISE VISIT



INDIAN TIGER.

Lloy & Sons.

The True Story of the Tiger and the Lady

NO little girl ever really believed that wicked story which tells how the Lady of Niger went for a ride on a tiger, and how that ride ended. It seems so cruel to take a lady for a ride and then to treat her as the verse *hints* that she was treated. No *girls* can believe it, but most boys repeat those lines even in the presence of the tiger himself. No wonder that he looks savage and snarls. One day a certain tiger became so angry that he spoke to some boys who were near to his cage.

"Would you mind repeating those lines again?" he said in such a way that the boys were a little alarmed, but the boldest of them began:—

"There was a young lady of Niger——"

"Almost right," said the tiger, "but it was not Niger, which is only chosen because of the rhyme. It was really somewhere in Bengal, which does not rhyme, and it was ever so many years ago. Prowl on!"

"Who went for a ride on a tiger"—the boy proceeded.

"So she did," answered the tiger.

"She finished her ride——" the boy added

"Of course she did," the tiger said with a scornful growl; "if not, she would be riding still"

"In the——" the boy began

"Wrong! wrong!" growled the tiger, so fiercely that the boys

THE STORY OF THE TIGER

ran away, and only came back when they remembered that the tiger was in a cage.

"Oh, what a cruel story!" cried the tiger, "year after year it casts a stain upon my race. I do wish people would remember the true facts."

"Do tell us the real story," cried the boys.

Then he began:—

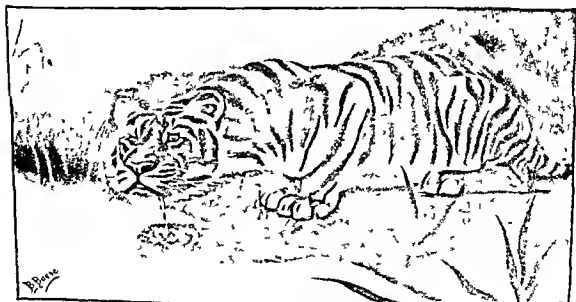
THE TIGER AND THE LADY.

"In an ancient kingdom in the North of India there lived once upon a time a king who almost always had his own way; when he did not, he put the offender in his prison, which was also his Zoo. But what was his anger when his own beautiful daughter announced to him that she loved very dearly the Prince of Kohinoor, who lived four jungles away! 'He is too poor,' said the King, 'my daughter shall never wed a beggar.'

"'Father,' she replied, 'I love him and shall marry him.'

"'So ho!' exclaimed the king, 'here is a pretty kettle of fish. To prison with you till you change your mind.'

"In the beautiful Zoological Gardens was the royal prison. The prisoner was allowed for one hour to walk round the cages. In one of these was one of the noblest family of beasts, the tiger. He was the tiger of the story. Picture him very much like me. One evening



AT THE DRINKING POOL.

THE STORY OF THE TIGER



IN THE JUNGLE.

the lady was quietly weeping, little thinking that the tiger watched her. At last he cried: 'Why weep, fair lady?'

"She made answer, 'My father will not let me wed the Prince of Kohinoor. If only I could escape!'

"'Why not?' asked the tiger.

"'Because I am a prisoner,' she said simply.

"'Is the key outside my cage?' asked the noble beast.

"'Yes,' she said.

"'Then if you will set me free,' he replied, 'together we may cross the four jungles and both of us be free.'

"'But the gates are closed?' she answered.

"'The keeper goes out to-night at 10 o'clock,' said the tiger, 'to his home. That will be our time'

"At nightfall the lady returned and set the tiger free. Together they stole to the gate, keeping in the shadows of the hushes. The keeper came, the gate swung back for a moment, the tiger leaped, the lady clung fast to the tiger, and in a second they were free.

"The keeper gave the alarm; torches were taken; elephants aroused; and the tiger and the lady had to go very carefully, and they did not quite cover one jungle that night.

"When day came the tiger moved through the grass and could scarcely be observed; the stripes of orange and the dark of his skin made it very hard to see him. Once or twice they were nearly caught, and as they raced over one clearing they were observed by the King himself. 'She has gone for a ride on a tiger,' he cried.

THE STORY OF THE TIGER

"But every danger was passed; and as evening fell they saw the towers of Kohinoor; the time came for them to part.

" 'I shall never forget you,' said the lady. 'Now make the most of your freedom.'

"She went alone into the city, and all the bells rang out when it was known that the Lady of Niger had come in so wonderful a way.

"But the King of Niger wept very much when he thought his daughter had fallen a victim to the tiger, and he wept still more when he heard that she was married to the Prince. In his anger he determined to conceal the truth, and he it was who wrote the cruel verse. It has gone too far to be stopped. Of course, the real ending is either, 'She finished her ride A radiant bride'; or, 'She finished her ride By her true lover's side, And a smile on the face of the tiger.'

"I have spoken."

The boys listened politely, but they never believed that tiger. They looked up their atlases and natural histories, and they could find nothing impossible though much that was wonderful in the story, but they still repeated the old version. But surely the tiger's story is nicer!





PENGUINS.

[Lery & Sons

Farthest South

THE PENGUIN

IS it a land-creature? Is it a fish? Or is it a bird? The penguin is certainly very puzzling. He walks something like that very stout gentleman who occasionally passes your house, but generally takes a taxi. But the penguin can swim most gracefully, and it seems quite right that he should be kept in the Zoo near that famous swimmer, the sea-lion. Surely, those things which he uses as front legs when he waddles are really fins. No! They are neither fins nor legs, but wings. They are, however, shaped like paddles, and they are of no use for flying. But all the same they are wings. Like other creatures, the penguin is fully prepared for what he has to do in this world—to catch fish; he lives near to the sea on bare cliffs, so that he has no need to walk much; and if he walks clumsily, what does it matter?

Somewhere near your home there is sure to be a rookery; perhaps the “caw, caw” wakes you up in the morning. Sociable, jolly birds rooks always seem to be. They cluh together. So do the penguins. But while the rooks fix their nests on the trees, the penguins live on the ground, and children will be glad to know that they have special “nurseries” for the little ones.

FARTHEST SOUTH



THE PROCESSION

(P. O. Luck.)

Penguins are dark on the back but white underneath, so that when they glide through the water they look like dolphins. Sometimes they rise out of the water like flying fish, and make a cry something like "Whaat." Penguins are very noisy birds, and as they all speak at once they cannot listen very well. Birds are very naughty in that way. If only they could come to your teatable, wouldn't they be ashamed of themselves?

Everyone in Great Britain talks about the North Pole, but we are apt to forget that there is a South Pole. If ever you join the brave men who go to that region of snow and ice, you will be sure to see thousands of penguins. Explorers in Antarctic regions say that the birds at a distance often look like a crowd

of boys and girls on the beach of a seaside resort.

At first these birds had no thought of danger when they saw man. Poor things! They flocked out of their nests, they left their babies, they waddled to the edge of the cliff, all to see the ship coming. The sailors thought the penguins were standing like soldiers to defend their homes, but the queer creatures showed no fight. This is not because they had no sense, but they were taken by surprise. When it snows at the Zoo the penguins must think of their Arctic home, just as the Polar bear does, because he belongs to the land of snow, and he never really forgets.

The penguin is not really a dull bird, but quite intelligent. He will follow the keeper about. Dear fat little fellow! I dare say he may wish to walk as well as we can, but I am sure we should like to swim as well as he can!

Wild Horses

I LOVED the life on those vast plains of South America known as the Pampas, which stretch for over a thousand miles, from the fertile centre of the continent away towards the cold and barren south. These plains are nearly level, and look like a great sea of grass and flowers, where are wild cattle and horses innumerable. I have been told—and can quite believe it—that there are often as many as 10,000 in one herd of horses.

Among the many settlers who had made their home in these regions for the purpose of capturing and selling these wild animals was my cousin, John Panton, a rough and ready young fellow, but cheery and kindly, and with a heart that knew no fear. He took me in hand from the day I first joined him, and I did my best under his training to become as skilful and resolute as himself.



TRAINING A WILD HORSE.

WILD HORSES

Believe me, there is no sport in the wide world to equal the catching of a wild horse. It may be a glorious thing, at a safe distance, to shoot a lion or a tiger; people say it is splendid to feel a big salmon leaping and plunging at the end of a fishing line; but you must try to imagine what it is like to have in your hand a long line of thin but stout cord, the other end of which is securely fixed to the neck of a maddened and rearing horse.

The line that is used is not exactly a cord, but rather a strong thong of buffalo hide, with a running noose at one end. It is thrown in such a way as to fall over the horns or head of its victim, the hunter coiling one end round the pommel of his saddle. When the hunter makes a successful cast he spurs his own horse to its fullest speed, and the wild horse—or buffalo, as the case may be—is almost strangled, or is borne to the ground and becomes an easy prey.

Let me now tell you how I first tried to catch a wild horse, and what happened afterwards through my own folly and inexperience. For quite a fortnight after my arrival I spent hours every day in practising casting on horseback a lasso over a fixed pole. After long failure, I grew so expert, in my own opinion, that I asked my cousin to let me go with him on his next expedition. He seemed doubtful; but I pleaded so hard that he consented, and away we rode, lasso in hand, side by side on our spirited horses. When we reached a region where sport might be expected, we dismounted, and, holding our horses securely in tether, hid among the long grass and patiently waited. Hours passed, but in the excitement they did not seem long. At length the signal came from our own horses; they neighed, erected their ears, and quivered with excitement. Cautiously peering from the grass, we saw a small herd swiftly careering over the plain in our direction. At a signal from my cousin we swiftly sprang to our saddles when the coming horses were within favourable distance; he, as arranged, riding towards the right of the herd, and I to the left.

Away flew my lasso, the noose hovering for a moment gracefully in the air; but I found that aiming at the neck of a scampering wild horse was a somewhat more difficult thing than casting at a stationary post; and to my grief I saw the noose fall yards clear of the nearest of those beautiful animals I had so longed to catch. Truth to say, my envy was great when I looked in the other direction and saw a fine creature struggling on the grass, his neck entangled in my cousin's noose. I want you, however, to know that despair did not take the

WILD HORSES

heart out of me; for weeks I kept on practising, and in time became fairly expert.

But if I couldn't lasso a wild horse at the first attempt I felt sure of the ability to tame one, for from my schooldays I had been regarded as quite clever in "breaking-in" young colts. So I begged and at



A STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

last got permission to tame the horse that was still plunging and kicking at the end of the lasso. Quite a fortnight passed, as is always the case, before I met with anything like success.

Early one morning I set to work to saddle him. It was a difficult task, but success at length rewarded me; and when I was astride it filled me with a strange delight to know that I was riding a horse upon

WILD HORSES

which no one had ever before sat. Along the middle of the whole length of the training track was a strong fence. I mounted the animal, and for a time all went well. Up and down the track we raced, my brother and his steed on one side of the fence, I and my beautiful creature on the other. Then trouble came. My horse reared as if his intention was to fall back and crush me beneath him; then he kicked again and again, viciously, as if he hoped for me to be within close approach of his heels; and, as if enraged because I was on top of him instead of close behind, he crashed his heels into the fence with a sidelong stroke that made me lose my balance, and over I fell, with an unpleasant thud upon the soft, green turf.

But all the while my cousin kept a firm hold upon the angry animal, and, unhurt, I sprang to my feet, dodged the merciless heels, and in a minute was astride once more. "Let go!" I cried; "I'll manage the beast!" The answer was, "Don't touch him with the whip." The horse, freed from the restraint of the tether, hounded madly across the plain, and on and on for miles he sped with me. The chance was that I should be carried far away into the great plain of the Pampas; and, in utter desperation, I used my whip and curb without mercy. This I am sorry for, because I am sure that no good man will ever wilfully cause pain to an animal under his control.



YOUNG JAYS

J. T. S. S. S.

Birds and their Nests

HOW eagerly, as April draws near and the time for the singing and mating of birds has come, we peep into the hedges and the bushes for a sight of the first bird's nest of the year. How delightful it is again to see the chaffinch's mossy cradle, the bulky home of the blackbird and thrush, and to observe the rooks busy at their nests in the tree-tops. Have you ever noticed how artful the rooks are in placing their homes on the most slender boughs, secure from nest robbers? Many kinds of birds place their nests in those situations where they are least likely to be seen. You must not suppose, however, that all British birds build nests. The ringed plover, for example, lays its pear-shaped eggs among pebbles and makes hardly any attempt at nest-building; so also do the terns and other species. There is ample reason for this, as you may guess. When walking along a pebbly sea-beach, if the birds built a nest of straw, grass, moss, or other materials, you would easily detect it, even at a distance. So the wise little birds scoop out a hole in the ground and there lay their eggs. It is thus very difficult to detect them, so nearly do they resemble the surroundings. Some birds, as you know, build in trees, some in hedges and bushes, some on a grassy bank, some on the bare rocks, some in buildings, some near water, others far from it, some on the ground, and there is one bird which does not build a nest at all. The cuckoo simply lays her egg upon the ground; then carries it in her bill

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS

to the nest of some small bird and there places her treasure for the owners of the nest to sit upon and hatch. Some birds are very clever at nest-building; others construct loose, untidy homes, and again some, like the rook and the crow, use the same nest year after year. Other birds—the sparrow hawk for example—sometimes take possession of the deserted nest of a crow, patch it up, and make themselves happy and contented in it. Some kinds of birds, like the guillemot and the gannet—two sea-birds—lay one egg only; others—the phea-

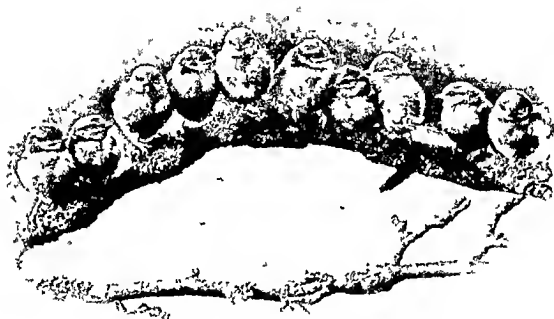


PLATE XIV.

[C. Reid Wilson.

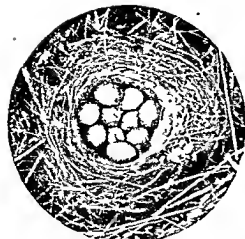
THE BLUE TIT

This bird is a great favourite and always a welcome visitor. He is very quick and sprightly, and it is delightful to watch him roaming over the twigs and branches of a tree, sometimes hanging head downward, the next moment chasing an insect he has spotted.

Hang up, in front of your window, a piece of cocoanut, or a lump of fat and this little gymnast will keep you amused for hours on end.

means shy and comes quite close it time to move wings and tail are and shoulders a whole his throat light green, low.

usually built in tree or in the the same spot year after year. white, with red-



NEST OF WAGTAIL CONTAINING 6 WAGTAIL'S AND 4 ROBIN'S EGGS.

He is by no will allow you to before he thinks

His head, black, his back lovely blue-grey, and chest are a tinged with yellow.

The nest is the hollow of a cranny of a wall, being often used. The eggs are dish brown spots, and number from six to eight.

THE WAGTAIL

The pied wagtail, the most common of the wagtails, is black and white in colour. He is called a "wagtail" because his tail vibrates continually as he runs from spot to spot, or wades in the shallow water at the edge of a pond or stream in search of insects or perhaps a tiny fish that has ventured too near the



PHREASIA'S NEST



NEST OF REDGE WARRLER.

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS



J. E. Hailstone.
NEST OF ROBIN UNDER BRACKEN

and fibres, and lined with hair, grass, and a few feathers.

A pair of these birds will come and nest in the same haunt several years in succession.

THE WARBLERS

The warbler family is large; more than twenty kinds are found in the British Isles. They are mostly known from the locality they frequent; thus

surface. The peculiar dipping flight is extremely graceful and the extended wings and tail display broad bars of white, which form a pleasing contrast to the black of the rest of the body.

The bird lays five or six eggs of a dusky white colour, spotted with brown. The nest is usually near water and hidden in a crevice among stones or in a hole in a wall. As will be seen from the picture, the nest is made with twigs



J. E. Hailstone
NEST OF COOT.

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS

we find the wood warblers in the woods and hedges, the sedge and reed warblers among the reeds at the water's edge or hovering over the bushes near by

All members of the family have very beautiful voices, many almost rivalling the nightingale

Insects form their chief food.



NEST OF SONG THRUSH.

The warblers are migratory, that is, in autumn, when the insects begin to diminish in number, they fly south to sunnier lands where they can find food in plenty, and they only return to us when the warm spring sun brings a plentiful supply of insects again

These birds build very dainty and shapely nests, mostly of soft grass, fibre and hair closely woven, the nests are lined with down and feathers. The one shown in the picture is that of a sedge warbler and was found in a low hawthorn bush near a stream. The hen bird

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS

usually lays five or six eggs, yellowish-brown, and streaked at the larger end with hair-like black lines.

THE PHEASANT

The pheasant is so largely reared artificially as a game-bird in this country that it is difficult to study a purely wild bird with certainty. The cock-bird, as you know, is a most lovely creature in his brown, red, purple, green, yellow and black dress, and long tail. How proudly, and with what measured strides, he struts along, and when his tail is spread out fan-like he presents a picture the like of which it would be difficult to excel. The male birds at certain times are sadly given to fighting. From twelve to twenty eggs are laid in a nest of leaves, or similar materials, but recently I saw two nests which contained no fewer than thirty-eight and forty-three eggs respectively, though these had doubtless been laid by several birds. When hatched, young pheasants are pretty little chicks. As soon as they come out the dapper little fledglings run about in a most engaging manner and seem right glad to be out in the world and to be helped out of their sholly cradles. The eggs are buff, yellow, brown, or greenish in colour, and vary very much.

THE ROBIN

The nest of this favourite bird is often found in most strange places, such as in a flower-pot, tin cans, tomato tins, in rooms, in a peg basket hanging on a clothes line, in old coats, banks, ivy-bowers, and many other places. I once found an old watering-can in a wood. Curiosity prompted me to look inside, and I was rewarded by seeing a nest of this bird built inside the can and Mother Robin sitting contentedly upon her freckled eggs. She did not make any attempt to move as I peeped into her peculiar home. Many times when I chanced to pass that way I could not resist the temptation to peep inside to see how the robins were faring. I was most interested in that nest, and you may well imagine how pleased I was one leafy June day to see six young spotted chicks sunning themselves in a hazel tree. Young robins are quite unlike their parents, being spotted like a thrush, and are often mistaken for thrushes and taken home to rear as such. The red breast is not worn until after the autumn moult. Then the youngster becomes more bold and fearless, and often has a fight with his brother and sister, or even his own father or mother.

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS

MOORHENS AND COOTS

Is there a pond or stream near your home? If so, moorhens are very likely to be found there. Even in the London parks you can see them, for they are very common birds, and are tame enough



EGGS AND NEST OF NIGHTINGALE.

[J. T. Seaman.]

to come and be fed there, whereas in the country they are often very shy. Moorhen means *merehen*, that is, the bird which lives in a marsh, or lake. Moorhens feed chiefly on insects, and paddle about among the rushes, or come out to feed in the meadows near by. But

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS

directly danger approaches they hide in the herbage by the shore, or in some other safe place.

Sometimes, if you look carefully in spring or summer in the rushes by the bank, you will find a nest made of a firm pile of water plants. It is as large as a soup-plate, but generally very well hidden. It may seem so like a chance mass of dead rushes that you overlook it, and the eggs, if it contain eggs, will not help you much more. They are stone-coloured or pale brown, with liver-coloured spots, and at a distance they, too, look like dead leaves, with little mouldy spots on them.

The coot, whose nest you see in other pictures, is not so common as the moorhen. Nor is it so tame, for in cold weather even the moor-



W. E. Hallstone.

NEST OF MOORHEN

hen will forget its shyness and come to be fed with the fowls in the farmyard. The coot likes lakes and larger rivers better than the ponds and ditches which are the moorhen's home. You can tell it by its larger size and white forehead. Its nest is larger than the moorhen's, and its eggs too, but they have tiny specks instead of small spots.

THE NIGHTINGALE

This little bird is justly famed for the beauty of its song. He sings occasionally by day, but it is at night that he pours forth the torrent of flute-like notes which flood the still air.

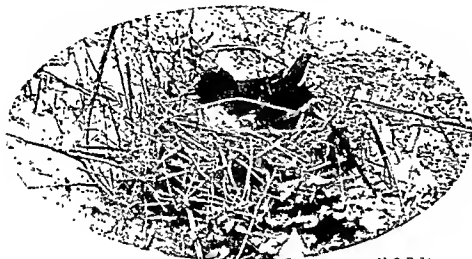
The owner of this glorious voice is only about six inches in length; the upper parts of the body are tawny brown, while the chin, throat and under parts are greyish white.

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS

The nightingale is a "migrant" and comes to our land in April. He builds his nest and rears his young and then leaves our shores again in August to seek a warm place, farther south, where he can spend the winter and find abundant insects, for these form the nightingale's favourite food.

Moss, dead leaves, dried grasses and fibres are used in the construction of the nest, which is lined with horsehair and soft grass. The eggs are olive green and number from four to six.

The nests are generally found low down, in some quiet spot, in a bank, in the hedgerows or at the foot of a tree, concealed by clusters of thick grasses and brambles.



MOORHEN ON NEST IN OPEN WATER.

(J. E. Hullstons.)

THE SONG THRUSH

Have you ever awakened and fancied that some one was tapping at the window. When the blind is pulled up, no one is there. No human being that is to say; the visitor is very likely a thrush preparing his breakfast on your window-sill. When a thrush finds a snail, the shell of which is too hard to be cracked in his beak, the clever bird taps the shell on a stone or other hard material until it is crushed and he can get at the snail. Should the tapping not break the shell, the thrush tries another method, and carries the snail up in his beak to a great height and then drops it; this method never fails, and the clever and hungry bird gets his breakfast!

The nest is built in hedges and low bushes, preferably evergreens,

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS



GREEN WOODPECKER AND NEST
(The nest and eggs are shown enlarged)

J. T. Freeman.

and is made of carefully interwoven grass and twigs, moss and clay, with an inside lining of dried mud or clay. The beautiful greenish-blue eggs spotted with black are too well-known to need description.

After the nightingale, the thrush is, perhaps, our best songster; often his mellow notes are the first sounds to fall upon our ears as we wake on a bright spring morning.

THE WOOD-PECKER

This bird certainly lives up to his name, for, from morning till night, he may be found searching the bark of trees for grubs and insects.

He is a wonderful climber and has feet so formed as to enable him to grasp the tree very firmly. The tail is short and strong and is used as a support while the bird attacks the bark with his strong beak.

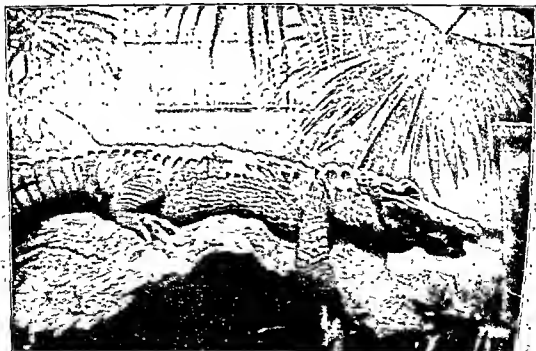
The picture shows a green woodpecker, the plumage of which is grass-green, with a golden patch on the lower part of the back, while on the head is a cap of brilliant scarlet.

The woodpecker builds pure white eggs.

Crocodiles

SOME of these fearful but interesting creatures are always on view in the large water enclosure in the Reptile House at the Zoo. They are found in India and Africa, whilst alligators (near relatives of the crocodile) are mostly inhabitants of North and Central America. Although such ugly and gruesome-looking monsters, a crocodile tamer will go in the midst of a large number without showing the slightest fear. It is possible to tame these creatures until they become almost, if not quite, harmless.

A very peculiar incident connected with the life of the crocodile is that a certain kind of bird renders it much service by frequenting it and feeding upon the insects which are found on and around its body. When the monster has been enjoying its forty-winks, as it were, this bold bird has been seen to approach it and devour the insect life which is there found. Thus the bird obtains food and the crocodile is relieved of flies which torment it. Those who hunt these creatures tell us that they are not easily killed, but are nevertheless the reverse



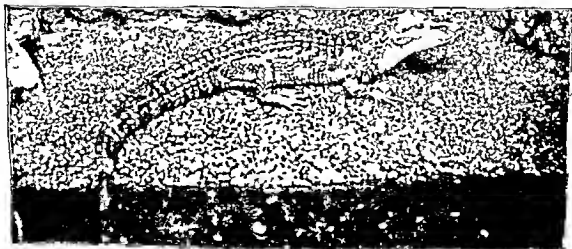
CROCODILES



TAKE CROCODILES.

of intelligent. They have the habit of lying buried in the mud, and I have heard of a soldier who, having pitched his tent one night and gone to sleep, suddenly felt the ground beneath him moving. Thoughts of earthquakes came to him, but he turned over and went to sleep again. His slumbers would not have been so sound had he known of the discovery he was to make next morning. When he awoke in broad daylight he found that his bed had been made right upon a crocodile who had contrived to hide himself in the ground!

W. P. W.





ALL ABOARD

An Old Servant of the Family

SOME animals are pretty and some are useful, some are neither, and some are both. The zebra, for example, which you see in the picture on page 195, is a beautiful creature, with its dark stripes on its creamy skin, and every one would love to have him to keep. What little girl would not be glad to drive a zebra and trap? But they are really not useful except for one thing—it is most convenient for nursery books to have an animal whose name begins with Z. Whatever would the books do without him? He is a relative of the horse, and comes from the Cape. He is very shy and very hard to tame. On the other hand the camel is not at all pretty, very possibly the mother-camel speaks of her babies as pretty, but she scarcely counts. He is not pretty, but he is very useful to our family—to mankind.

The animal with two humps which gives you a ride at the Zoo is the *Bactrian Camel*. The other kind of camel lives in warmer countries and has one hump, the dromedary is just a swifter and higher breed of camel. The *Bactrian Camel* as you know, gives three children a ride at once. If you travel first-class you sit on his neck, he

likes little children there. If you travel second-class you hold on to the first hump, or perhaps lean against the second. Then you can think of people who used to cross the desert hundreds of years ago on the camel in the very early days of the human family. The camel is indeed a very old servant, a little crusty and bad-tempered, but with any amount of work in him.

The creature with two humps lives chiefly in Central Asia, and stands the cold very well. He helps, perhaps, to carry tea from China

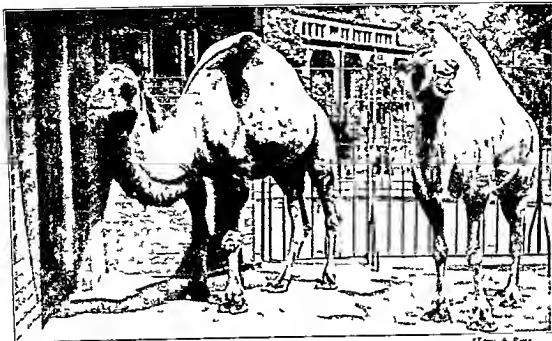


[Donald Steele.]

PLUGHING ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

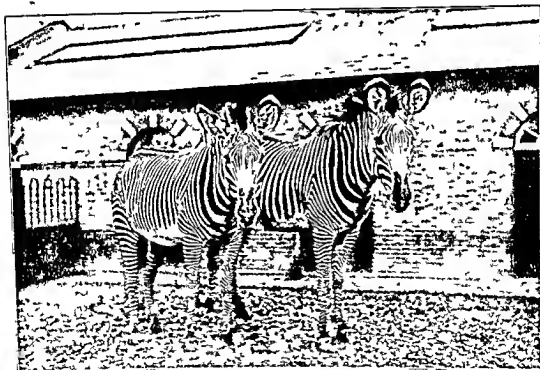
to our homes, so that when you drink real China tea you ought to thank the camel. The beast with one hump lives in a warmer climate. Ho it was who used to carry our family in the days long before Moses and Abraham. I wonder who was the first man to make friends with the camel? What did he give it that made this swift and strong creature serve him?

Why has the camel a hump? When people are cross and we wish to infer that their expressions are like that of a camel, surly and discontented, we say they "have the hump." But the camel does



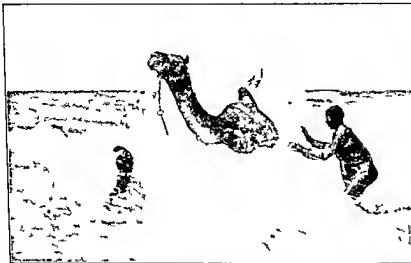
BACTRIAN CAMELS

[Levy & Sons]



GRÉVY ZEBRAS.

AN OLD SERVANT



BATHING

[Photopress.]

not owe his hump to a surly disposition. It is, indeed, most useful to him, for it is really a mass of fat that serves as a reserve store when he has to make long journeys through the desert where food is scanty.

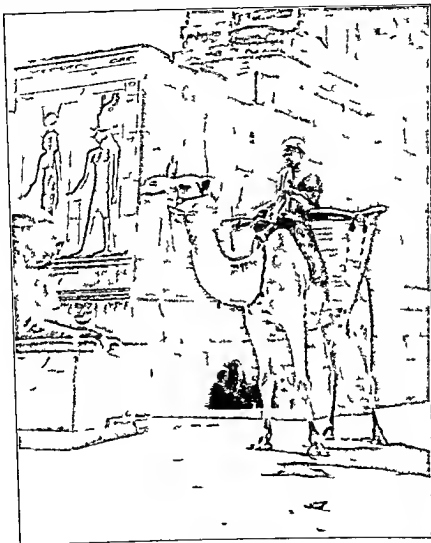
The camel is able to go for days without water; in the East, where water is scarce, that must be convenient. He has rather a roll as he moves, and he is called "the ship of the desert." No one is surprised to read how precious he is in lands where the sandy deserts have to be crossed.

Talking of deserts and sand, look at the camel's feet; he has only two toes, each of equal size, and joined by a piece of loose, hardened skin covering a cushion-like pad. As the animal puts his weight on the foot the two toes open, the cushion-like pad expands, and prevents Mr. Camel from sinking too far into the yielding sand.



AN OLD SERVANT

Now look at the camel's slit-like nostrils, very useful they are, for when one of the terrible sandstorms, so common in the East, comes up the camel just closes his nostrils and no sand can enter, at the same time his thick eyelashes protect his eyes.



[Donald McLeish.]

IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

It is a common mistake to think that the camel is used only for riding. He is also employed in the East and in Australia for haulage work, often, as you will see in our pictures, as a single draught animal, out more frequently in teams of four, six, or eight, and sometimes more.

AN OLD SERVANT

The camel cannot haul carts and wagons across the sandy wastes that he himself traverses so easily, for the wheels would sink into the soft sand, but he is often used on a road or hard ground just as a horse would be.

The camel is a good servant, but he must have his little jokes. "He is the most humorous of all the inhabitants of the East," a traveller has said. He has been called the "tall, simple, smiling camel," but "if he smiles he is smiling at you."



ARAB ON DROMEDARY.
(P. FRCA & Co., Ltd.)

When men are loading him, he will roar steadily, as he waits for his little joke. Once, so the same traveller says, ten men had loaded a camel with ten long poles. The beast waited until all were fixed, then shook himself, and off went the poles! I dare say that camel thought he was very funny. But the men who loaded him probably failed to see the joke. It would be far more interesting to know what the camel thinks about man than to know what we think about the camel. We may misjudge him, but he looks sometimes as if he endured us with a sort of contempt. Just look at that lower lip of his! If that does not mean contempt, what does it mean?



A CAMEL TEAM, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The Pelican

WITH rod and with basket, with knife, fork and plate,
With luncheon sufficient, with appetite great,
Your father sets out for the day
And hour after hour he will quietly wait
Till a fish shall oblige him by seizing the bait,
And his patient exertions repay

But the pelican moves with an outfit complete
For his beak makes a rod most uncommonly neat,
And beneath is an excellent rig,
And when he goes fishing for something to eat,
Such a very fine angler yon never will meet,
(Nor one with such absence of brag)

He has come to the river, perhaps to the creek,
Let us picture him quickly unlocking his beak
And gulping the water, and thus
He will scoop up the fishes he goes out to seek
Much more in an hour than your dad in a week,
With not the least bit of a fuss

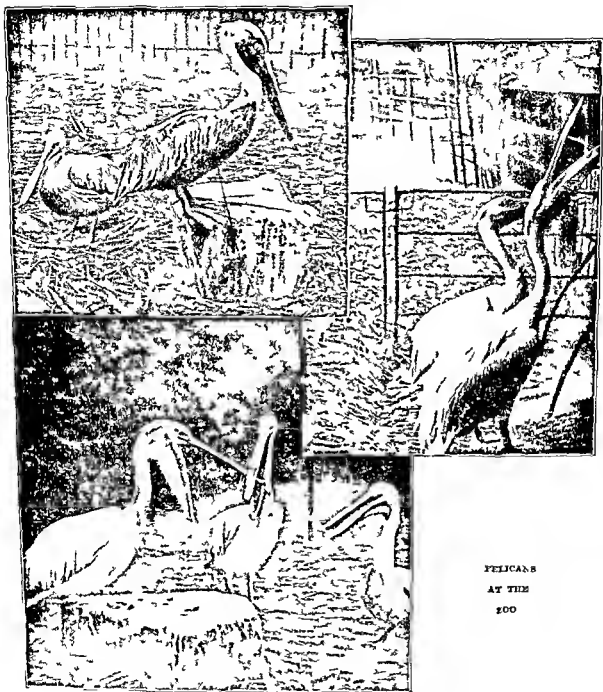
The fishes he needs why
he eats right away,
Preferring to eat them
the very same day,
And the very same
moment they're
caught,
So he's unlike your dad,
who must either dis-
play
What fish he has caught
'neath the sun's set-
ting ray,
Or send for some fish
to be bought



STAY AYE PEADY!

L. J. J.

THE PELICAN



PELICANS
AT THE
ZOO

But we must not forget that the pelican too
Is a father (or mother) with children like you,
Who need to be tended with care,
So the pelican opens the bag to the view
Of the dear little birds—and I think it is true
They enjoy the most excellent fare

THE PELICAN

And so, though it makes the poor poet so sad,
To take from the honour you pay to your dad,
Who perhaps a great angler may be,
Yet, I'm sure you would find even he would be glad
To admit that the bird with the gifts that he had
Was a much better angler than he.

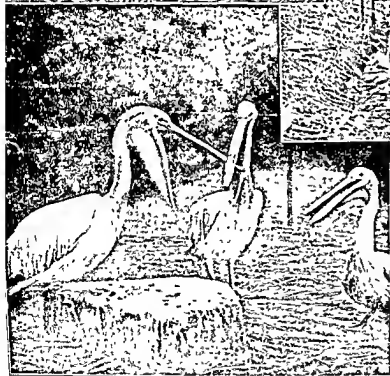
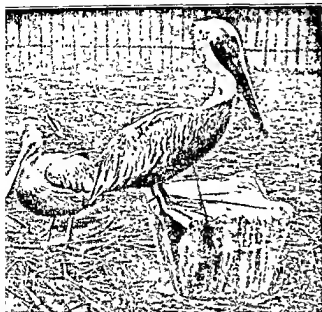
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THE OSTRICH

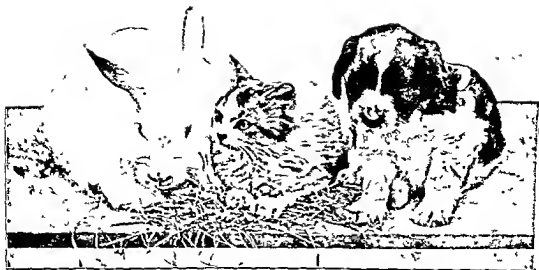
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THE PELICAN



PELICANS
AT THE
ZOO.

But we must not forget that the pelican too
Is a father (or mother) with children like you,
Who need to be tended with care ;
So the pelican opens the bag to the view
Of the dear little birds—and I think it is true
They enjoy the most excellent fare.



"OUR NAMES, READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE LOPPETY, DOT AND TOWZLE-WOWZLE."

The Three Chums

"**W**E were all born the same day; we all came to this house at the same hour; each of us has four legs, two ears, two eyes and a tail. We've never quarrelled in our life. It is not often you will meet with three such different characters as ourselves, who, after weeks of close association, can say, without a blush or a wink, 'we've never had a wry word.'

"If you happen to be one of those two-legged, tailless beings called boy, or girl, just try if you can live in the same nursery, or school, with two other two-legged, tailless beings, and manage to exist without a snarl, or a bite, or an angry look. We shall be most surprised if you are as friendly as we are.

"Now you begin to understand that there's something uncommon about us, and you want to know more. Here goes, then, for the story of our lives. Not in full; that would take too long. No, only just a brief account of how we came to get packed in the hamper. It really was exciting, and so we will tell you all about the affair.

"Know then, you people without fur, tail or whisker, that our names, reading from left to right, are Loppety, Dot and Towzle-wowzle. Loppety is the fattest, sleepest, whitest furred, and pinkest-eyed rabbit you ever have had the pleasure of meeting. Dot is the liveliest and most wide-awake Persian kitten the world has ever known. Towzle-wowzle! Ah, who could tell you fully the charms of this noble young pup? Look at him for yourselves, and read his beautiful character written clearly in his open face. Now you know us, don't you?

Parrots

IN very ancient days it was discovered that parrots could be taught to speak, and wherever man has gone in the East Indies, or in Africa, or in parts of America, he has always tamed this curious bird. It must have a very good ear to be able to catch sounds and to repeat them as it does, and it is a first-class mimic. It really makes very little difference whether you teach your parrot English or French. He takes care of the sounds and leaves the sense to take care of itself.

Perhaps the most curious thing to look at in the parrot is the bill. Notice its curved tip; notice, too, how it is fixed upon the skull by a kind of hinge so that it may make a wide enough opening for its food. Of course this bill is used for climbing purposes in the forests; the parrot goes upstairs and comes down by means of his bill, and the reason why it is so curiously made is because it serves two purposes.

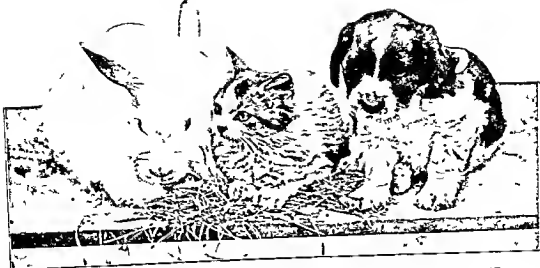
Parrots have been known to live for a very long time. One traveller tells us that in South America he met with a parrot which was the only living creature able to speak the language of a certain tribe of Indians. All the men of the tribe had died away, but the parrot was still left, muttering some words of a dead language.

The two commonest birds to be found in our homes are the Ringed Parakeet and the Grey Parrot, and both of these you will see in the parrot-house at the Zoo. They like a lot of attention, and can be taught many words, but though they are great pets people have very little respect for their brains, and sometimes they will tell little boys at school not to repeat their lessons "like a parrot." They mean that it is very little good to learn words without also learning their meaning.



MAGAW

[After]



"OUR NAMES, READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE LOPPETY, DOT AND TOWZLE-WOWZLE."

The Three Chums

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THE THREE CHUMS

"Loppety was born in Sussex. Dot came from Suffolk. Towzle-wowzle first saw the light in a stable-yard in London. We were all born on the 1st of April, and sent, as soon as convenient, to Miss Paulina, for a birthday present. You can easily guess how charmed she was as each of us arrived, warm, clean and furry from our several homes. We felt leaving our parents at first; but Miss Paulina was so attentive and the food she gave us was so much to our liking that we easily settled down to our new existence.

"We had much to learn—that goes without saying. All young creatures must learn the lessons of life. But our mistress was so patient, and we were so eager to please her, that there was only one real difficulty. Loppety *would* fall asleep in the middle of everything, and so his ears had to be pulled to wake him up. One other thing, perhaps, troubled Miss Paulina somewhat. That was the question of diet. Somehow Dot and Towzle-wowzle didn't care for cabbage-leaves or bran, and Loppety turned up his nose at bread and milk. Still, our meals were regular, well laid out, and cleanly in appearance. We had no real cause to grumble. I've heard human beings, especially uglier, older ones, grumble horribly at their food, and say things which I should be ashamed over to repeat. We three never grumble. We are only a few months old, it is true, but we seem to have settled down to the happiest, quietest and most contented life imaginable. Only one thing has happened to disturb our peaceful existence. (Wake up! Loppety, can't you see we're telling a story? Open your eyes and take an interest in things.)

"It befell that on a day in August Miss Paulina went out for a ride with her father. He's a big man, whiskered, and with big feet which will get in our way. We, therefore, were left alone, and after several good games, somewhat spoilt by reason of Loppety's falling asleep occasionally, we sat down and rested. It was then that Towzle-wowzle's active brain went to work and suggested the beginning of the striking events which occurred. He got on all fours, barked at us, and said, 'I'm going out!' It was all because a sunbeam would tickle the end of his fat little nose, and he wanted to go out and catch it. Of course we all went, and, before a fly could sneeze three times, we were across the garden, through the half-open gate, and in the street!

"Possibly you do not recollect your first impression of the open street, with its noise, bustle and excitement. We simply loved the novelty. Towzle-wowzle led the way; Dot walked at his heels,

THE THREE CHUMS

greatly admiring his daring ; and Loppety sleepily came behind. We must have gone a long way down the road, for Dot told me afterwards she counted five gates just like our own, when—horrors of horrors !—a great, ugly bull-dog came stretching himself across the path. He had just woke up, and had had a horrid dream about rats, and the first thing he saw was Loppety. He growled deeply, and we were terribly frightened at his appearance. Never had we seen anything exactly like him. Miss Paulina's father has a deep growl also, and his face is something like this hull-dog's, but less baggy, and not



"WE GOT INTO THE HAMPER AND SHE CARRIED US HOME IN IT"

quite so honest ; and there were other differences. Oh, how our hearts beat ! Even Loppety woke up completely, and burred out, 'Take me home, please, at once !'

"Dot's back was almost a hoop. Towzle-wowzle was the bravest. He actually walked up to the bull dog and *smelt* him. What courage ! The bull-dog pushed him with his nose, and Towzle-wowzle rolled into the gutter, just as a butcher's cart passed by. It was a narrow escape, for Towzle-wowzle's tail was only two feet away from the inside wheel of the vehicle. We were terribly afraid that there would be a fight, for the bull-dog was waiting, and looking very blood-shot about the eyes, and people began to gather round. We longed

THE THREE CHUMS

to be out of this desperate adventure. We seemed so very much alone, and so far from our snug little quarters.

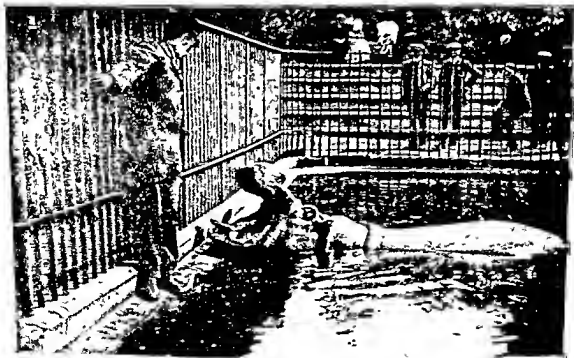
"Then a strange thing happened. Two very gentle little hands swept the three of us together right under the bull-dog's eyes.

"When our six eyes looked up, lo and behold, who should it be but our mistress's friend Mercy! Fancy meeting her! and in that out-of-the-way place!

"Well, to make a long story short, that was how we three got into that hamper, for she carried us home in it. But first of all she took us to her home and fed us, and we are very much ashamed to say that Towzle-wowzle over-ate himself.

"When we did get home wasn't Miss Paulina glad to see us! She thought we were lost; for on her return from the drive she had found the gate open, and the three of us absent. We are rather glad we went out, though, for Miss Mercy is coming in each day now to see us, and she's almost as kind as our own mistress, and she carries some rather nice soft sweet biscuits in her pocket. Loppety doesn't care much for them, but that leaves all the more for Dot and Towzle-wowzle."

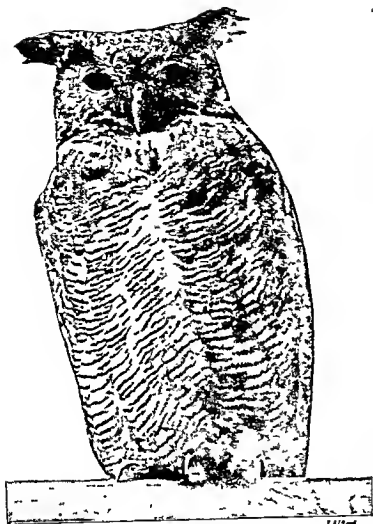
B. L. K. HENDERSON.



BROWING HIS MOUTH.

[P. O. Luet

The Owl



VIRGINIAN EAGLE OWL.

L. S. S. S.

LONG, long ago when people wanted pictures of things that were wise they nearly always made a drawing of an owl. Its head was so big, its face so solemn, and its eyes so wide and round, that they felt sure the owl must be the wisest of all the birds in the world.

But when the sun shines the owl blinks and goes to sleep in a dark hole. An owl's eyes are very large, and are made in much the same way as those of a cat—they can take in the smallest ray of light, and the owl is thus able to see even when it is al-

most dark, and so swoop down on its prey without being seen.

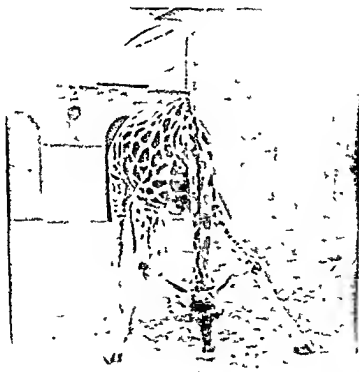
Once upon a time, when we were walking in the shade cast by an old church tower, a fluffy round thing fell from a hole in the wall bang upon our head. It bounced, and we caught it before it fell to the ground. It was a baby owl, as big as a chicken. We placed the bird in a basket and fed it carefully; but soon the baby grew too big to stay quietly in our home, and one evening it spread its wings and flew away.

Nearly every bird is a bright and cheerful creature, never happier than when the bright sun is shining. But the owl loves best of all the

THE OWL

dark and silent night. It is never wide awake until the sun sets, and then it flies away to some neighbouring barn, or outhouse, or meadow, there to sit silently, with round bright eyes wide open, waiting for the coming of some unlucky mouse, or other little animal. Then, with swift and silent flight, it pounces upon the poor victim, and returns to enjoy a breakfast at midnight in some dark nook.

Owls lay their eggs in the holes of old trees, or in a chink in the wall of an ancient church or castle. The barn owl, which, next to the tawny owl, is the most often seen in this country, seems to be the only kind which takes any trouble to make a nest, and even this is only a thin layer of moss on the bare stone.



[W. S. Davis F.R.S.]

"HUR STOOPS TO CONQUER."



OFF FOR A RIDE

[W. Ford.]

Polly's Country Holiday

"COME here, Polly, I have some news for you," said Mrs. Green as a white-faced little girl of seven came slowly into the kitchen where her mother was getting dinner ready.

"What is it?" said Polly listlessly, as she put the groceries she had been out to buy on the table and seated herself on the nearest chair.

"Guess," said her mother; "something fine for you, Polly, something that will make you fat and rosy and well again."

"What is it?" asked Polly again, still without interest.

"Why, your Aunt Maria, who lives away in the country, has asked you to go and stay with her and grandfather."

"I? To go into the country after all!" cried the child, while a wave of colour swept over her pale face. "It can't be true."

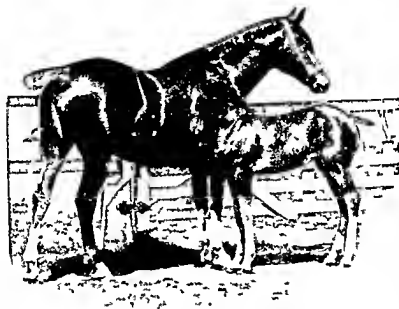
Poor Polly, it had been her hope and dream all the summer to go into the country as some of her companions at the County School

POLLY'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY

you had been and she persuaded her pa to say you might go and stay there. What's more, the little angel's sent five shillings of her own money—bless her—to help pay for your ticket. She's a real little lady, isn't she?"

So it came to pass that the following week found Polly in the country. How she loved it! The big trees; the soft, cool, green grass; the scented flowers, where brown bees buzzed in the sunshine; the birds, the butterflies; the quiet, happy, country-world, undisturbed by the roar of traffic, shrill street cries, and the frequent sound

of harsh
angry
Then
were all
creatures:
father's
tabby cat
frolic-
ten in-
and out
the wild
almost
to Polly
fan tailed
the sheep
their
she passed
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their



MOLLY BAWN AND HER FOAL.

[T. Fall.]

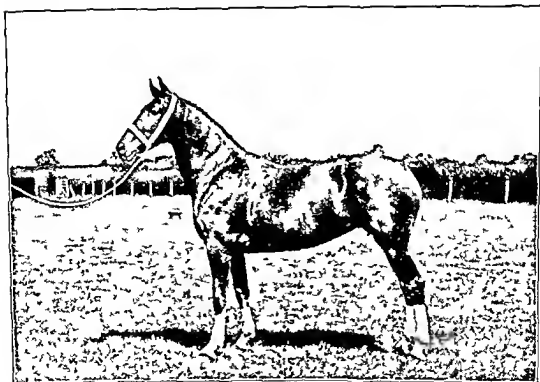
voices in
dispute.
there
the living
grand-
stand old
and her
some kit-
doors;
of doors
birds—
unknown
— the
pigeons,
who lifted
heads as
them and
her with
sleepy

unwondering eyes, the cows (of whom she was secretly afraid), and last of all, and best-beloved by Polly, the horses. Her grandfather had been coachman at "The Hall" for many years, and now that he was too old for other work he lived at the lodge and kept the gate, but he still went the round of the stables on fine days when he was well enough, and Polly always went with him.

The pride of grandfather's heart was a beautiful bay mare called Milton, a racehorse who had won a great many prizes in her time. She knew him, too, as well as possible. If he whistled when she was out in the fields she would lift her head and look, and in a moment come galloping across to him and presently nose round gently to find



RACKHORSE



Photos by]

RACKNEY
211

17 Fall.

the apple or carrot which was always ready for her in his pocket. But what Polly liked best was "the Mistress's favourite horse" Molly Bawn, with her pretty little foal. Molly Bawn soon made friends, for Polly begged lumps of sugar for her from Aunt Maria, but the foal was shy and skittish and would never come near enough for her to touch it.

One morning "the little lady," who had been several times to see Polly and her grandfather, came with her nurse to ask Polly to go for a walk with her that afternoon and to have tea in the garden afterwards. So after dinner Aunt Maria dressed Polly in a clean print frock, telling her to be sure and mind her manners and be a good child. Polly went off clutching a clean pocket-handkerchief and feeling very stiff and starched and shy. But no one could be shy for long with Betty, and the two children were soon quite happy together. First they went through the beautiful flower garden—a vision of paradise to Polly's wondering eyes—then into the walled-in fruit and vegetable garden, where Betty coaxed the gardener into giving her two ripe peaches and a handful of carrots.

"A peach for you and a peach for me," said Betty, "and who do you think the carrots are for? Come and see." She led the way through a plantation of young trees into a field. In one corner of the field was a small Shetland pony with two tiny colts. "This is my pony, my own darling Kitty," Betty exclaimed, "isn't she a dear? And these are her two babies; they are so young we have not named them yet. What do you think it would be nice to call them?"

But Polly was speechless with wonder and admiration. She had never seen such tiny ponies before (the mother was not much larger than a big Newfoundland dog and the colts were, of course, still smaller) and she was not quite sure in her own mind whether they were alive or not. However, that question was soon settled, for they all trotted across as soon as they saw the children, and Betty gave Polly some of the carrots, and to her great delight the little colts came and ate them out of her hand.

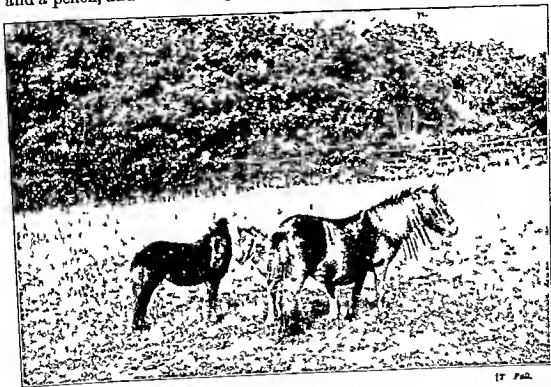
"Daddy is going to let me ride to the Meet with him sometimes this winter, when he goes hunting," Betty continued; "you've no idea how fast she can gallop, though she is so small."

The children stayed and played with the ponies for some minutes, till nurse said it was time to go back for tea. "But you must look at daddy's hunter first," said Betty, as they came to another field, in

POLLY'S 'COUNTRY HOLIDAY

which was a chestnut mare. "Isn't she a beauty, and she is so clever too! Come along, Bonnie Laura, I have saved two carrots for you!"

"We are very fond of her," she explained, "she is so sensible. When daddy was out riding two years ago she put her foot in a rabbit's hole and daddy fell off and broke his leg. It was a very lonely place and it was getting dark and he thought he would have to stay there all night. But at last he managed to get an old letter out of his pocket, and a pencil, and he wrote saying where he was and what had happened



THE RHETLANDS.

and tied it on to Bonnie Laura's reins with his handkerchief and told her to go home. She came straight back to the stables, the clever beauty, and they found the letter and went and fetched daddy. Good-bye, you dear," and she dropped a parting kiss on the horse's nose.

The two girls had tea out in the garden, where Polly was much less shy than she would have been indoors, and afterwards Betty's mother came and talked to Polly for a little while about her home in London.

"No garden," Betty exclaimed, as she listened, "and no flowers!

POLLY'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY

Then where do you play and what toys have you? Only one doll? Oh, mother, mayn't I give her one of mine?"

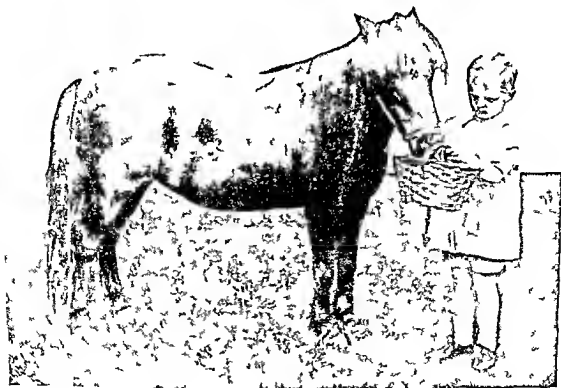
Betty would have flown off at once to get one of her own numerous doll-fanuly, but her mother said she thought it would be better to wait till Polly went home, as she had other things to amuse her in the country.

The days of Polly's three weeks seemed to fly and they came to an end all too soon

Betty did not forget the toys, and when Polly went home she carried a doll, a paint-box and a picture-book back with her, and, what she liked best of all, a little toy-horse covered with real skin and with real hair for its tail and mane. Grandfather gave her a geranium in a pot, and Aunt Maria a jar of honey and a big bunch of flowers.

After her return Betty would, overy now and then, send a box of flowers, which brought a whiff of the country into the unlovely town street and reminded Polly of her happy country holiday

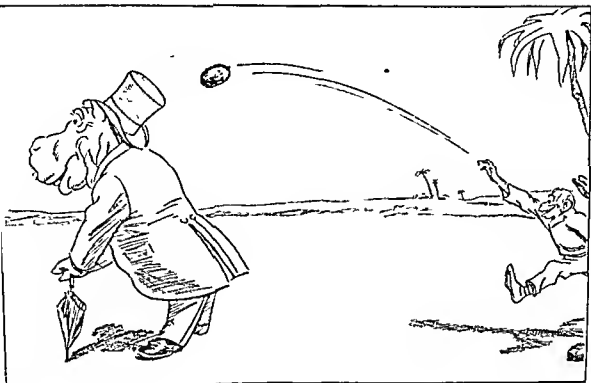
E. A. M.



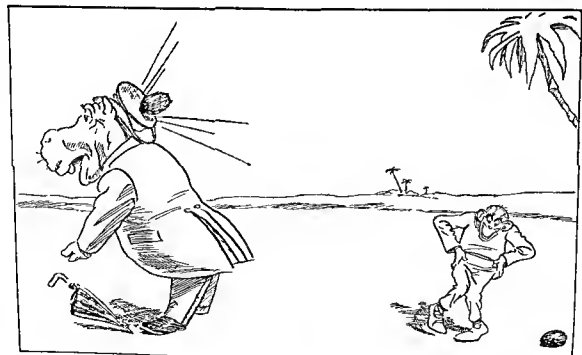


"WHO THREW THAT SNOWBALL?"

MR. HIPPO'S SPRING HAT

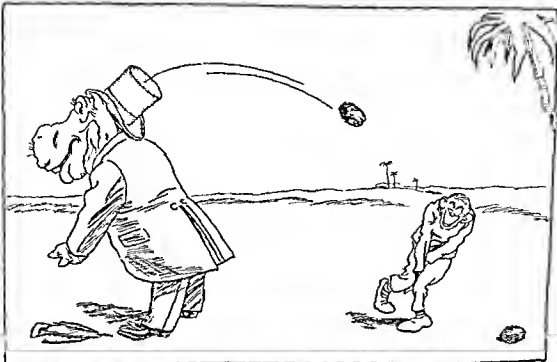


"WATCH ME HIT MR. HIPPO ON HIS NEW TOP HAT," CHUCKLED THE MONKEY WITH THE COCONUTS.

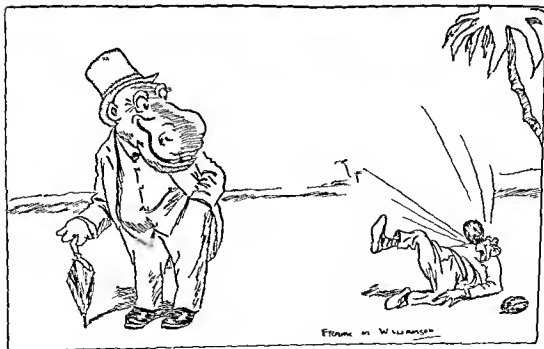


"HEE, HEE! WHAT A GOOD SHOT! I CAN'T STOP LAUGHING."

MR. HIPPO'S SPRING HAT



BUT THE MONKEY WAS NOT AWARE THAT MR. HIPPO'S NEW HEADGEAR WAS ONE OF THOSE SPRING OPERA HATS THAT OPEN AND SHUT LIKE A CONCERTINA. THE COCONUT CAME SHARPLY BACK—

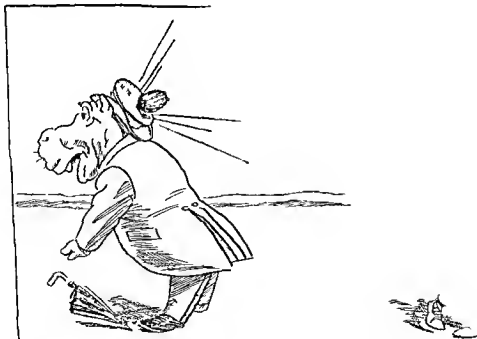


FRANK M. WILKINSON

—AND THE MONKEY FINISHED LAUGHING



'WATCH ME HIT MR HIPPO ON II



'HEE HEE! WHAT A GOOD SHOT! I CAN'T STOP LAUGH



"THE HUGE ANIMAL, TRUMPETING HORRIBLY PASSED CLOSE TO HIM."

The Mad Elephant

THE elephant is one of the few animals that can be captured in a wild state and put to useful service. When tamed, the creature becomes not only an intelligent companion, and one of the finest beasts of burden in the world, but for ages it has taken a part, as if to the manner born, in those splendid pageants that are the delight of the native princes of India.

The one drawback to the otherwise excellent character borne by the elephant is the fact that the male is subject to occasional fits of irritation which sometimes develop into the condition of madness known in India by the name of "must." But the skilful and experienced men employed to tend the animals are very careful to watch for the first sign of the appearance of "must" and to guard against the danger by keeping the animal in close and strict custody until the period of attack has ended. Neglect in this respect has sometimes been attended by very serious consequences.

A few years ago a particularly fine and intelligent elephant, belonging to the Indian Government, began to show signs of an attack of "must." Its keeper, an experienced man, had known and loved the animal for years, and on similar occasions had been able to control his charge by care and kindness, without the necessity of keeping the creature in confinement. But on this occasion the "must" attack was far more severe than usual, and with disastrous results the elephant, madly waving its trunk, dashed towards the dense forest. The keeper, who had failed in watchful care, made a brave attempt to secure the mad creature, and was killed on the spot. The natives fled in terror as the creature in its mad fury tore the roofs from the huts and broke down great branches from the trees. Almost on the verge of the forest, a Government official, on a shooting expedition with a native, had a narrow escape. He heard the crash of the elephant's body as it dashed through the trees and plants, and had but time to fall back between two trees growing side by side, as the huge animal, trumpeting horribly, passed close to him.

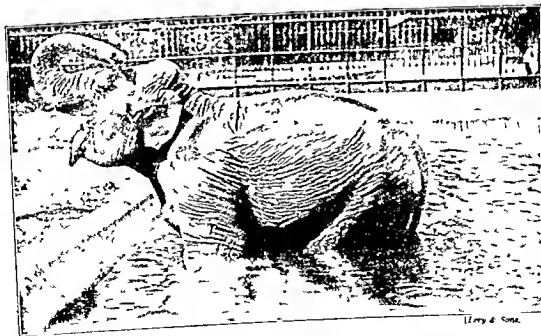
THE MAD ELEPHANT

bat seemed to know exactly what to do, fell across the prostrate mountain of flesh, and held the fallen monster firmly to the ground. The man on Choogie's back slipped down at the exact moment; and other helpers running to his assistance, ropes were placed round the hind legs of the captive, and the mad monster was made secure.

More elephants were sent for, and the creature afflicted with "must" was led away without further resistance to the camp from which it had escaped. It is sad that two lives were lost on this occasion; but it is good to know that our huge friend, after being chained up for a few days, in order to give him a good rest, soon recovered his senses, and regained a good name as one of the wisest and most trustworthy of the thousands of elephants employed by the British in India.

Many who read this story may wonder; but I assure them that it is true in every particular.

W. R.



HAVING THE BATH.

THE MAD ELEPHANT

But the native was not so fortunate, for with one fearful sweep of the trunk he was hurled against a tree and killed instantly.

Emerging from the forest, the elephant trampled across some rice fields to a village about four miles distant, in front of which it kept marching up and down as if on guard over a captured fortress, or perhaps meditating some plan of attack.

Help soon came in the person of an intrepid hunter mounted on an elephant not inferior in size and strength to its mad brother, and carefully chosen for its well-proved sagacity and faithfulness. Choogie, so this splendid creature was named, lost no time in paying attentions to the mad animal. For a few moments the two stood closely looking at one another. When Choogie bellowed, or waved its trunk, its insane friend did the same. Then Choogie calmly marched round its afflicted comrade; and afterwards the afflicted friend did the same to Choogie. The man seated on the back of the sane elephant began to wonder what all this meant; but he knew that Choogie was one of the sensible sort, and because he had trust he was patient.

Then the "must" elephant began to grow restless. There were signs of irritation in its growing restlessness, its angry bellowing, its swaying of the trunk; and at last, still eyeing its comrade, the mad one backed away for some twenty or thirty yards. There could be no doubt that it was about to charge headlong the one that had come to capture it.

In a moment or two the "must" elephant began to move forward; and the nearer it came the closer to the ground did Choogie lower its gigantic head. The mad one moved with each step more rapidly; and as it did so Choogie bent its head lower. This action made the English onlookers fearful that the mad elephant was terrifying Choogie; but not so. Choogie was one of the wisest and most experienced elephants in all the Indian Empire; it knew exactly what to do; and it waited for the right moment.

The moment the mad one was at close quarters, Choogie swiftly raised its head, timing the movement so exactly that one tusk pierced the fleshy part of the enemy's throat. Then pushing upwards by main force the head of the mad elephant, Choogie swiftly and strongly turned round, with such force that the mad animal, unable to endure the tearing pain of the wound, and taken by surprise, reeled and fell on its side; and instantly his sane brother, who all through the com-



BISON AND YOUNG.

Ed. York.

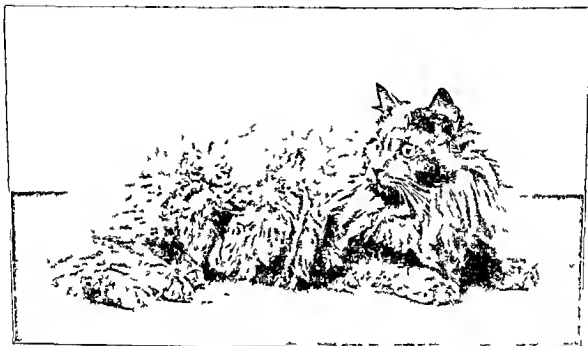
Horns

ALL over the world we find animals whose heads are ornamented with horns. Some are fierce, some are gentle; and among the horned kind we can see the most graceful of creatures as well as the strongest and fiercest. In our own land we have the mild-eyed cow, which never means to use its horns to do any one harm; the massive bull, which very rarely hurts any one, although he looks so big and cross and fearful; and the goat, that lowers his head as if he would like to toss us up among the stars. But the goat is a giddy thing that only pretends to be cross, and never will and never can do much harm to us.

Among horned creatures we must note the rhinoceros, with horns on its nose; the bison of North America, and the buffalo of the Cape. These animals are not to be played with; they are fierce and strong, and only the boldest huntsmen, armed with the best rifles, dare venture to the plains where they roam. But no one need fear to meet the timid gazelle or the gentle antelope; and there will be no cause

GRANNY'S CATS

work at once to dress up Minette and Silver King in our dolls' clothes. We made a sweet-stall out of a box, and covered it with a dainty cloth, and laid out little plates of currants, raisins, sweets and sugar for sale. Minette, who was very fond of sweet things, went to the stall in her finery, but ate up all the sweets. That was Minette's way of buying! As for Silver King, he dashed out of the room with a doll's dress and bonnet on, right out into the garden, and from there into the stable-yard, where the groom was harnessing Violet, our pony, for one of my sisters to ride. Silver King jumped right on to Violet's back; she was





BISON AND YOUNG

Ed. 1911.

Horns

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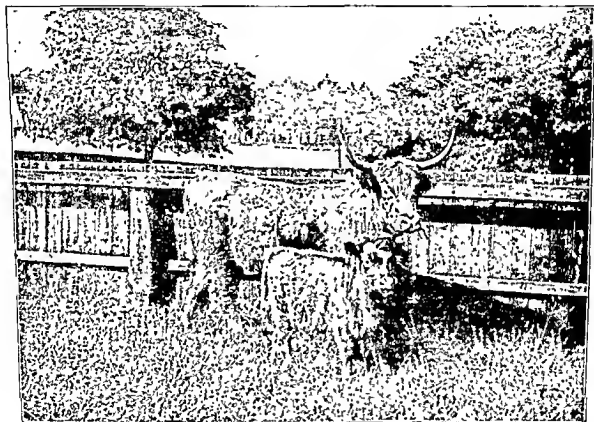
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HORNS

to run away from a gnu, who tries to roar like a lion, and makes one think of a clumsy donkey as he scampers over the plains.

The main use of the horns is for fighting. The fighting is sometimes real, sometimes in play. Highland cattle may often be seen lowering their heads and butting at one another in mock combat, that looks like a serious battle. But when the game is over, the animals calmly march off, side by side, in the most friendly way.

But all horned animals do not play at fighting. A writer on the



HIGHLAND CATTLE.

[T. Fall.

subject tells us that when engaged in real warfare "the ox tribe run at each other and clash their mighty heads together; but the more delicately horned chamois lowers his head under the throat of his enemy, or turns his horns sideways, so that the sharp points may reach and pierce the shoulder."

Among horned animals there is none finer than the wapiti, which is wrongly called the elk by some writers. His horns, or antlers, are very terrible in shape, and most proudly he carries them. They

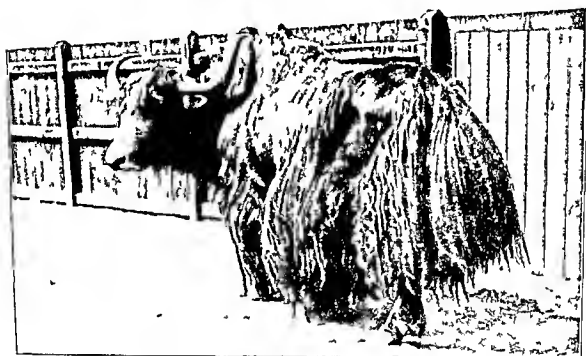


1. ELAS TER A' WAZ.

HORNS

branch off from the main stem like boughs from a tree ; and very awful it is to see two of these animals in fierce combat Yet these mighty horns are clothed with velvet, composed of fine, short, close-set hair, soft and smooth to the touch The true horn is long and curved and pointed ; the antler has a number of branches

"The senses of horned creatures," says a hunter, "are very sharp, especially those of hearing and smelling A chamois dashing down the mountains will suddenly stop some yards from the spot where there are human footprints in the snow. He will stand and snuff the air



THE YAK.

[After.

and turning scared away, will bound off in a new direction Even the snapping of a twig will scare the elk of North America "

The moose, an inhabitant of North America, has a pair of massive and many branched antlers, which he uses with great effect. These, however are not his only weapons, for he possesses very sharply pointed hoofs and will rear up on his hind legs and slash his enemy with lightning blows from his fore feet.

The best known of horned animals in Great Britain are cows, and we will finish our little description of horned animals by telling you something about the cows in Asia They are very nice animals,

HORNS

but are often so restive when the herdsman milks them that he has to keep them quiet by giving them a calf to lick. Unless he did so he would not be able to get a drop of milk. One day the herdsman went to tell his master that a poor little calf was dead. The master at once skinned the baby cow and stuffed it with hay. He placed the stuffed infant under the nose of the mother. She smelt it, sneezed once or twice, and then began fondly to lick the thing she supposed to be her baby. The man went on milking, very pleased with his master's plan to deceive the gentle old cow. He milked and milked, the cow heked and heked, and by the time the milk-pail was filled, the stuffed calf burst open. What do you think the mother cow did? Wept? Not at all! She calmly began to feed on the hay that formed the inside of her supposed baby!

W. R. RICHMOND



THE TEA-PARTY

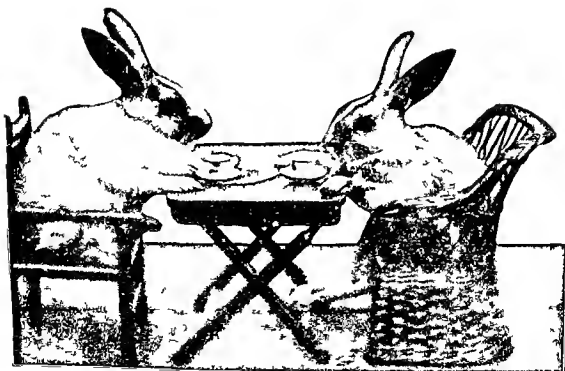
Well, Wednesday came, and just nt three
Some friends came too, and they
Stayed on, and on, until I thought
They'd never go away.

They went at length; I *flew* to dress,
And, trying to dress fast,
My bootlace broke, I tore my glovo,
But I set out at 'as',
And reached the house at four o'clock
Quite out of breath—

—Now see

The very special friends whom I
Was asked to meet at tea!

E A M





Rob and Roy

THE two Shetland ponies stood at their stable door in the sunshine, waiting patiently until their young mistress came to them.

They were great friends, these two, and always had much to say to one another.

"I heard Thomas, the groom, tell the stable-boy this morning that it was just a year ago that we arrived from Shetland as a birthday present to Miss Helen from her father and mother," said Rob, rubbing his soft nose gently against Roy.

"It has been a very happy time!" answered Roy, returning the caress.

"The voyage across the sea was terrible; I thought we were both going to die, but Thomas was so good and kind. He stayed up the whole night with us and gave us remedies, and petted us. Do you remember, Roy?"

"Yes, very well, but it is always so pleasant to hear you talk. Please go on."

Rob felt pleased, and gave a little grateful whinny, then continued—

"It was a bright summer afternoon when we arrived, and we

trotted up the beautiful avenue in high glee. It was as much as Thomas could do to keep up with us. What fun it was! In spite of all his efforts to keep us back we walked right in at the big hall door and into the dining-room where Miss Helen was having a birthday party."

"People that ponies shy, but we How every-to see us, dogs, trot-the table bits."

"Helen with us. She father and was so grate-grows kinder every day." Rob paused

"If it's wo sball treat, you She always us!" said sometimes made that treated so isn't true! we meet is added he

"Yes, do you re-drive in the about Christ-

Miss Helen and her mother had our little carriage full of parcels for people in the village. It was bitterly cold, and when we were passing the big pond on the common, Miss Helen spied a boy drenching a poor miserable donkey with icy water because he was too thin and starved to struggle along with a heavy load of

always say are wild and were not. body laughed like two big ting round begging for

was delighted kissed her mother and ful. She and prettier

for breath. her birthday bave a maybe sure! tinks of Roy. "We hear remarks animals are cruelly. It Everybody kind to us!" thoughtfully. to us! But member a winter just mas time?



"THE TWO SHETLANDS STOOD AT THEIR STABLE DOOR." T. Fletcher.

wood in a cart much too big for him. I can see her now, springing across the turf with her whip, her pretty face flushed and angry. She would have given that boy a fearful thrashing if her mother had not stopped her. The coward yelled as if he had been beaten when he saw the raised whip. It was a good thing for the donkey, though! I heard Thomas say that Miss Helen's father had bought him and given him to the doctor's children. Now he is getting so fat and happy and lazy! But what is our little lady doing? She is so late to-day!" remarked Roy, sleepily blinking in the warm sunshine.

"You may be sure she is planning birthday kindnesses. Every day we take out somebody—invalids, children, tired mothers! I wonder whose turn it is to-day? Ah, here she is!" cried Rob, and the two were immediately on the alert.

"Come, ponies! You'll never guess what you have to do this afternoon!" said the child, kissing each velvet nose. "I'm going to have a cripples' tea-party in the garden! Most of them are coming in motors and carriages from the town, but we must hurry to fetch four or five in this neighbourhood.

"We thought Miss Helen would give pleasure to one or two people on her birthday, but look at all these!" said Rob, as the two ponies arrived at the edge of the lawn with an old blind woman from the village.

"There must be sixty people here!" answered Roy, looking at the crowded lawn.

Miss Helen ran up to them with a piece of sugar for each.

"After tea you shall show all these cripples how clever you are. Thomas has taught you so many tricks! You must stand very close together whilst I balance myself with one foot on each back. If you walk quite slowly round the lawn I will manage to stand steadily! They will think you are wonderful!"

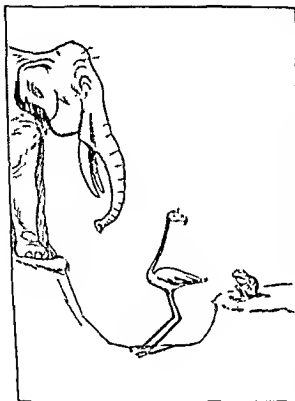
So saying, away she skipped to entertain her friends.

"How delighted all the people are!" said Rob, after they had performed all their tricks, hunted for sugar in Helen's pockets, and played at hide-and-seek.

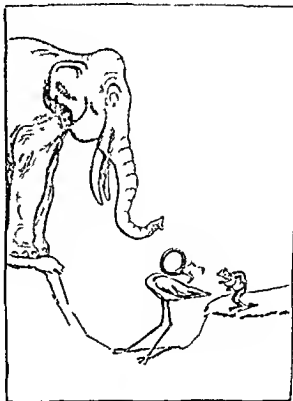
"There, Thomas calls us to go to the stable: we must get ready to take the invalids home. If I could speak, I would like to tell these people that we are the happiest ponies in the world, with every comfort we need, and a mistress who is worth her weight in gold."

EDITH E. CARTER.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS



Act 1

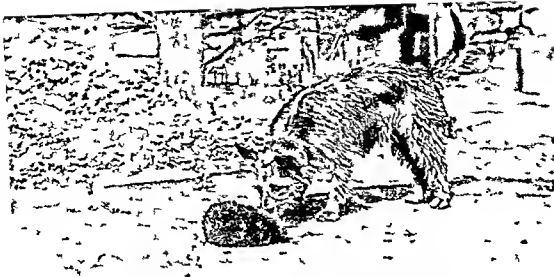


Act 2



Act 3.

HOW JUMBO SAVED THE FROG



PIPPO MARCHED UP TO THE STRANGE OBJECT WITH HIS EARS COCKED

Pippo and the Funny Ball

(Photos by J B P Wilkinson Kendal)

"I'M going for a walk alone," said Pippo one fine day "I am quite able to take care of myself And, to tell the truth, I am tired of masters They always think they know better than their dogs It's 'Pippo!' here and 'Pippo!' there, till I declare I am tired of the sound of my own name. And as for whistling——"

Pippo gave a little *poof!* of disgust and set out into the world all by himself Quite clearly he heard his master calling him, but he took no notice

His eyes were bright, his coat was nicely brushed, and many people paused to say "Hello!" or "Good dog!" and pass the time of day But Pippo's tail remained quite stiffly in the air and never a word said he to their greeting

He went on until he came to something in the middle of the road which he had never seen in his life before Like a ball it was, and yet there was a head at the end of it The head seemed to be looking at nothing in particular, and Pippo paused to stare.

"Well this is odd," he said feeling quite excited. "I must go closer and discover all about it This just shows how much better it is not to take a master when one goes for walks As sure as anything, if I took the faintest interest in this when he was here he would be crying 'Pippo!' 'Pippo!' and whistling me to come away"

Pippo marched up to the strange object with his ears cocked

PIPPO AND THE FUNNY BALL



"HE DASHED FORWARD AND STRUCK IT WITH HIS PAW"

and his head on one side. Should he speak to it? If it were only a ball it would make a dog look silly to be talking to it. However, he gave a little sound that was half a bark and half a cough, by way of opening the conversation. There was no reply from the ball. Pippo walked all round it carefully, but it never moved. He wondered if it would roll as an ordinary ball did, but for some reason he hardly liked to tap it with his paw. At last he made up his mind.

"It's a nice morning, isn't it?" he said with a polite smile, halting opposite the head. There was no answer.

"I haven't had the pleasure of meeting you before," continued Pippo.

The thing said never a word. Pippo began to feel annoyed.

"I am quite sure you are alive," said he. "And in that case—why, how rude it is not to answer when people speak! Haven't you any manners?" He had forgotten by this time all the people he had passed that morning without even a wag of the tail.

There was still no answer from the object, but, looking closely, Pippo distinctly saw it grin and wink one eye.

"There; I said you were alive!" he cried angrily. "I won't be laughed at in that horrid way! And by a little thing like you, I won't!"

Then the creature put its nose up in the air and began slowly to walk away. This was too much for Pippo.

PIPPO AND THE FUNNY BALL

"No, indeed, you shall not go without answering my questions," he cried. "I asked you if it were not a nice morning. Also you must tell me your name and where you come from and why you wear that very funny and uncomfortable coat."

Not a word said the other, but with a disdainful smile continued to walk on. Then Pippo grew very cross indeed.

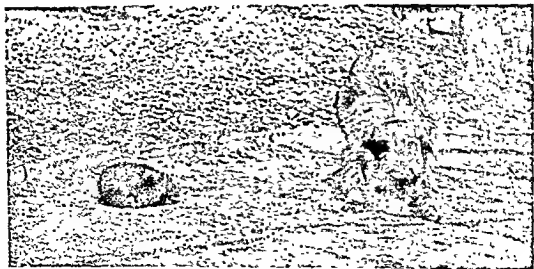
"All right!" he cried. "If you won't stop yourself, then I will stop you and teach you better manners!" And he dashed forward in front of the creature and struck it with his paw.

"Ow-Ow-Ow-Ow-Ow!" Was that Pippo howling? Yes, surely—and now he was licking his paw. What had happened? He hardly knew: but the stranger had rolled into a ball and Pippo found that the queer coat was full of long, sharp prickles. And they had all stuck into Pippo's paw.

"Oh!" cried he.

Then the other creature stood still, smiled the scornful smile, and winked again.

"As you wish your questions answered, kind sir," the thing remarked, "it shall be done. Yes, it is a very nice morning—for dogs who bring their masters with them or else a little sense. As for my name, it is Mr. Hedgehog, and I come from the Wood-behind you. And the reason why I wear this uncomfortable coat—well, perhaps you may guess that reason now, sir? And, remember, it is not uncomfortable *inside*, only *outside*!"



PIPPO AND THE FUNNY BALL

And with a slow chuckle Mr. Hedgehog began to move away once more. Pippo sat licking his paw and looking at the creature sulkily out of the corner of his eye, and he said never a word.

But he remembered how his mother had told him what a very, very dangerous thing was a prickly hedgehog. And she had also said, "Never interfere with what you know nothing about, my son." She had also said, too, "Take care of your master. Take him out often for walks. It pleases him and, besides, *sometimes* he knows more than you do."

Pippo made an end of licking his paw and went limply home. And half-way home he saw his master far away in the distance.

"What!" said his master. "Pippo has been for a walk without me? This won't do. He is such a silly young rascal—he is sure to get into mischief."

He called "Pippo, Pippo!" and whistled loud and long.

Directly Pippo heard the call he tucked his lame leg up and scampered off to the whistle sound as hard as he could go.

For he thought, "Perhaps there is *some* good in masters after all. Well-a-day!"

NANAY M. HAYES.



THE SEA LION

These animals have a close fine fur which is very valuable

(After)



The Adjutant

“ATTENTION ‘Shun!’” cried the tall bird suddenly. “What do remind you of?”

“A stork,” said Lucy quickly.

“I did not say,” replied the bird sternly, “‘What am I?’ but ‘What am I like?’”

It was an awkward question. Birds, and indeed all the Zoo, very easily take offence. So Tom and Lucy hesitated a little.

“Come now,” said the bird, “what do I remind you of—next boy?”

“You are very much like a soldier,” said Tom.

“Right!” replied the bird, “go to the top of the class.”

“There is no class,” said Lucy.

“Then what are we?” asked the Adjutant, looking very solemn and important. “Aren’t we the first class in birds?” He added after an awkward pause—“‘Shun!’ As you were!” He always said things like that when he did not know what to say.

In the silence which followed the children noticed how big he was, and saw that his back was grey and his breast white, and that he had no feathers on his head or neck. However, the bird soon began once more—

“I remind you of a soldier, do I?” he resumed, “not the first time I have had that said of me. In fact I am called the Adjutant—a very military name, isn’t it? I think I deserve it.” Then the bird put on his most military expression and Lucy almost laughed.

“Where do I live?” asked the bird.

“In the Zoo!” said both of the children.

“Yes, well, yes,” he replied “right in a way. But where do I live when I am in my own country? It is a big country and the name begins with I.”

“India,” said the boy and the girl together.

“Both go to the top of the——” he was beginning when he remem-



THE ADJUTANT
17 G. Lark

THE ADJUTANT



THE INDIAN ADJUTANT

hered: "'Shun! As you were! India is the very place. In that land I am highly respected. Are the streets kept clean where you live?"

"Yes," the children answered, rather puzzled.

"Men keep them clean with you, I suppose," he said. "What would you do if you had no men for the work?"

"I don't know," said Lucy.

"Go to the bottom of the cl——" he began. "Oh! I forgot. In many parts of India there are few men and no streets to speak of—no policemen, no scavengers—then who keeps everything nice and healthy and tidy?"

"Do you?" asked Tom.

"Right!" said the bird. "If it were the Andes or other places vultures

might do much to help us. My friend the Vulture, whom I never met till we came here, is a wonderful person for clearing away rubbish. But in India they simply cannot do without us—in parts of course."

"I heard dad say," said Tom, "that the rates were awfully high. Wouldn't it save a lot of money if we had Adjutants to help. You would not need much pay."

"Keep!" said the bird.

"Yes, but that's not much," replied Tom.

"No," the bird nodded; "anything from a leg of mutton would do."

"I must think it over," said the boy, and he saluted gravely. The bird stood with his legs apart, as though to show he was standing at ease. "Dismiss!" he cried.



VULTURE. [P. O. Luck.]



Professor Beetle, Nix, and the Bear

PROFESSOR BEETLE dropped his umbrella and his butterfly net on the ground, took off his sun helmet, and wiped his forehead

"Nix," he said to his nigger boy, "here is a most delightful and convenient spot for a picnic. So spread the tablecloth and open the lunch basket. And mind you do not break any thing or I shall give you a month's notice."

"Ya as, massa," said Nix, obediently

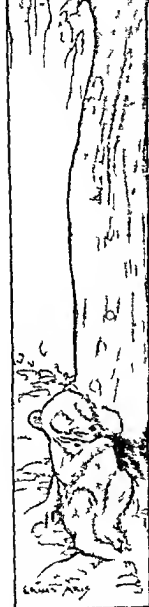
Professor Beetle looked round with satisfaction

"Yes" he said "I think the situation could hardly be improved upon. This lofty tree growing at the foot of the precipice provides shade and shelter, together with a rest for my back. We have a charming view before us, while no enemy can approach us from behind. I will rest for a few moments, and look over my notes while you prepare the meal."

"Ya as, massa," said the dutiful Nix.

Professor Beetle, who was a well known traveller and explorer and the author of a number of very learned works, pulled out a large pocket book, and began to turn over the leaves.

He was engaged in gathering material for a volume on Natural History



"Dat was a very 'feckshnit 'gator what try to gobble me up when I was paddling in de rihber."

You didn't give him time to show his real character, Nix," answered the Professor. "He came towards you with what I am sure was intended for a smile of welcome. And you bolted."

"Yassar," Nix replied. "I most allers bolt when I see 'gator smiling. Else he bolt me."

The Professor shook his head. "You discouraged him, Nix. I was looking on from the branch of a tree I had climbed for safety—I mean, to get a better view of the scenery; and, to my mind, there was a look of quite pathetio disappointment about the poor creature as it turned and crawled away."

He turned over several pages, and added: "My next chapter is to be headed 'Have Bears a Sense of Humour?' Up to the present I have not been able to gather as much information on the subject as I could wish. Take your fingers out of the honey, Nix, or I shall give you a month's notice."

"Bears berry fond of honey, massa," said Nix, as he carefully licked his fingers.

"I almost fancied I heard something like thunder in the distance," observed the Professor. "But it is not possible with such a clear sky."

He closed his notebook with a snap, and, casting his eye over the preparations for lunch, said: "You have forgotten to uncork the ginger wine."

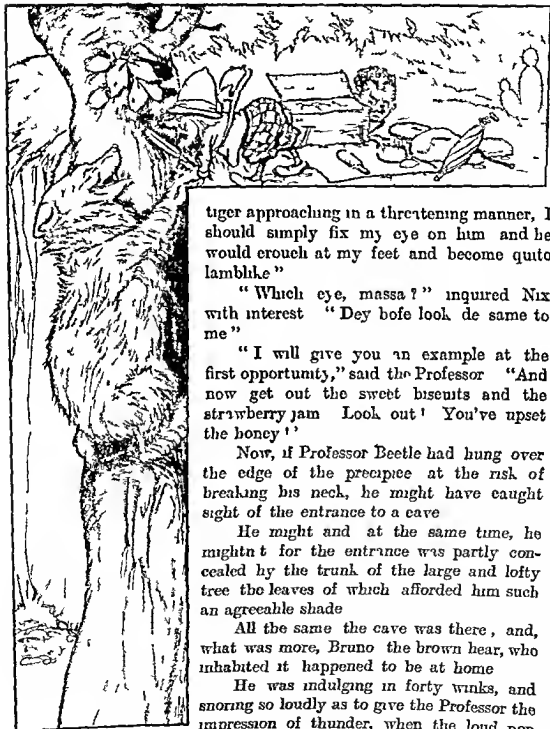
Nix produced the corkscrew, which he wore as an ornament in his hair; and the cork came out with such a pop that Nix fell over backwards.

The Professor mixed himself a stiff glass of ginger wine and soda-water, then, with his tumbler in one hand, and a sandwich of potted hippopotamus in the other, he leant his hack against the tree and prepared to enjoy himself. Nix, with a sandwich which took two hands to hold, sat opposite, and wondered whether the month's notice his master was always promising him was something good to eat.

Between bites, the Professor, who was educating Nix in his spare moments, gave him instructions on the best way of subduing wild and savage animals.

"There is no need," he said, "for force or violence of any kind. The power of the human eye is quite sufficient. If I saw a lion or a

PROFESSOR BEETLE AND THE BEAR



tiger approaching in a threatening manner, I should simply fix my eye on him and he would crouch at my feet and become quite lamblike."

"Which eye, massa?" inquired Nix with interest. "Dey bofe look de same to me."

"I will give you an example at the first opportunity," said the Professor. "And now get out the sweet biscuits and the strawberry jam. Look out! You've upset the honey!"

Now, if Professor Beetle had hung over the edge of the precipice at the risk of breaking his neck, he might have caught sight of the entrance to a cave.

He might and at the same time, he might not for the entrance was partly concealed by the trunk of the large and lofty tree the leaves of which afforded him such an agreeable shade.

All the same the cave was there, and, what was more, Bruno the brown bear, who inhabited it happened to be at home.

He was indulging in forty winks, and snoring so loudly as to give the Professor the impression of thunder, when the loud pop

made by the cork of the bottle of ginger wine woke him with a start.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes with his great furry paws, then he yawned and showed about half a yard of tongue.

PROFESSOR BEETLE AND THE BEAR

Then he sniffed. "Ugh!" he grunted, "I could almost believe I smelt honey."

He shook his huge, shaggy head. "I'm dreaming," he said. "It can't be. All the same, I'll just have a sniff round."

So, he rose and waddled to the door of the cave.

"The wind must be getting up," said Professor Beetle, as the branches of the tree under which he was sitting began to quiver and shake. "And yet I do not feel the slightest breeze——"

He was interrupted by a howl of terror from Nix; and, turning hastily round, saw a great hairy head, the mouth of which was open in what might have been meant as a friendly grin, but which also showed a complete set of very large, sharp teeth.

Nix, who had taken cover behind the lunch basket, cried:

"Bear! Big bear! Fix him wid your oye, massa!"

The Professor did his best. But Bruno, sniffing the honey and the strawberry jam and the ginger wine, and other delightful smells, did not seem the least awed by the Professor's eye, or even to appear aware that he possessed such a thing.

"Try de udder eye, massa," implored Nix. "He not mind dat one. Try de udder."

But the Professor, contrary to his recently expressed opinion, preferred to try other means, and, grabbing his umbrella, hit Bruno on the nose with it. He also tried to catch him with the butterfly net.

Bruno only grinned a wider grin, and heaved his lips with his great red tongue.

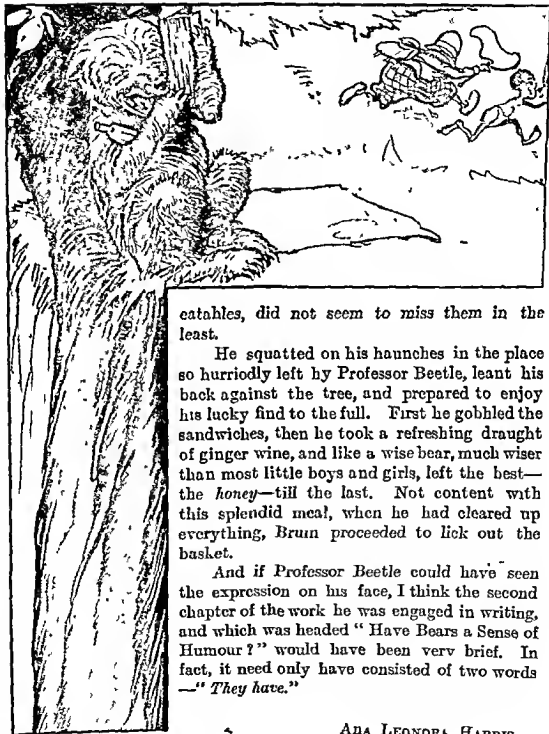
"Try bofe eyes, massa!" yelled Nix. "Dat'll fix him, sure 'nuff."

But the Professor, who was already retreating backwards on his hands and knees, replied: "This bear appears to be a very ignorant animal, and quite unacquainted with the power of the human eye; and I do not think it would be advisable to stay and argue the matter with him. So follow me without delay, or I shall certainly be obliged to give you a month's notice."

Thereupon, both Professor Beetle and his nigger boy, Nix, took to their heels and did not stop until they had put a safe distance between themselves and their uninvited guest.

Bruno, who by this time had discovered the whereabouts of the honey, not to mention the strawberry jam, sweet biscuits, and other

PROFESSOR BEETLE AND THE BEAR



catahles, did not seem to miss them in the least.

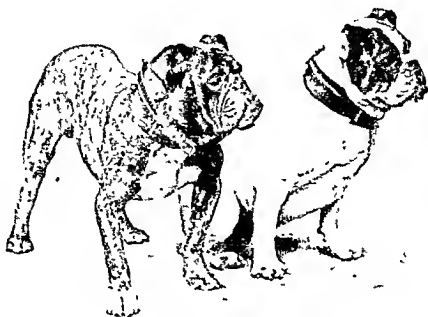
He squatted on his haunches in the place so hurriedly left by Professor Beetle, leant his back against the tree, and prepared to enjoy his lucky find to the full. First he gobbled the sandwiches, then he took a refreshing draught of ginger wine, and like a wise bear, much wiser than most little boys and girls, left the best—the *honey*—till the last. Not content with this splendid meal, when he had cleared up everything, Bruin proceeded to lick out the basket.

And if Professor Beetle could have seen the expression on his face, I think the second chapter of the work he was engaged in writing, and which was headed "Have Bears a Sense of Humour?" would have been very brief. In fact, it need only have consisted of two words—"They have."

ANA LEONORA HARRIS



"WHO GOES THERE?"



"THE TRAMP DID NOT LIKE OUR EXPRESSION."

Bulldogs

(Photographs by Thos. Fall.)

WE are proud of our English birth, but we have no reason to be proud of our beauty. When you meet us, there is no need to be frightened, for we are kinder than we look. With children we are always friendly, and are savage only when made to fight. Do you know why we look so fierce? It is because long, long ago our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were taught to fight, and were trained to take part in a cruel game called "bull-baiting" or "bull-worrying." Our legs are short and wide apart, and our joints are very strong, so that when our doggie fathers of long ago were tossed by the bull the fall did not hurt them. This wicked game is no longer allowed. We would not even bark at a bull if we saw one now: much less would we try to hurt it. As we ourselves are petted and treated with so much kindness, our nature has grown gentle and lovable. We would never dream of harming those we love, and, of course, we would never allow any one to hurt our friends. A tramp came to our garden door one day: we looked at him, but did not like his expression. Nor

BULLDOGS



"IF YOU WANT TO SEE US LOOKING OUR BEST."

did he like ours. We quietly walked across the grass to seize him, and he hurried away. So far as we could understand him, he seemed to be saying: "Not any bites to-day, thank you. Good morning."

If you look at a bulldog's collar, you will see it is covered with little brass studs. These studs remind us of the days when we were ready to fight with anything and everything. We would even fight among ourselves. Our masters were then obliged to make us wear collars with short spikes in them pointing outward, so that we could not seize one another by the throat. I much prefer the pretty brass studs we wear now; we do not need spikes, for we seldom fight.

When you want to see us looking our very best you must come to the big Dog Shows. My brother Katerfelto and I have taken

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many prizes. In fact, the other dogs were always quite sorry to see us there. While their masters were getting them ready for the show, brushing their coats and smoothing their ears, the dogs would talk to one another in this way :

" Good morning, Mr. Bullfighter. How are you, and how is Mrs. Bullfighter ? "

" Quite well, thank you, Mr. Silky-Coat ; did you enjoy your breakfast biscuit ? "

And then would come the usual question in an anxious voice—

" Have you seen Katerfelto to-day ? "

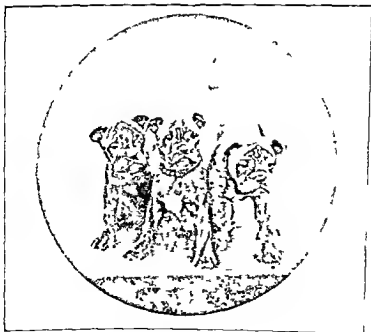
" No, but Boomerang is here, so there is little chance for us ! Some dogs are so greedy ! "

One day the dogs had a great disappointment. It was at the Crystal Palace Show. We were not there and the other dogs were busily comparing points, very happy indeed that Katerfelto and Boomerang were out of the way.

" Look at my broad chest and short legs," said Tryagain.

" Yes," said Strongjaw, " but look at my teeth ; they ought to take a prize."

" Hardly anyone has been to see us," remarked an old friend of ours, Bullwinkle by name.



PROMISING YOUNGSTERS.

BULLDOGS

"I'll tell you why," said his neighbour Bullworthy. "Down there, where every one is staring, are three youngsters, and one has quite a row of prize tickets round his cage."

"Who is he?" the others asked excitedly.

"Why! he's one of Boomerang's pups, and the judge is giving him the blue ribbon!"

E. K.



Tails

HAVE you ever wondered why birds, beasts and fishes have tails?

In the first place, a tail is useful as a rudder. Fish, birds and many animals find their tails very necessary indeed.

It may sound incredible, but a dog with his tail cut short cannot "turn" and "double" nearly so well as can a dog with a long tail. He misses his rudder!

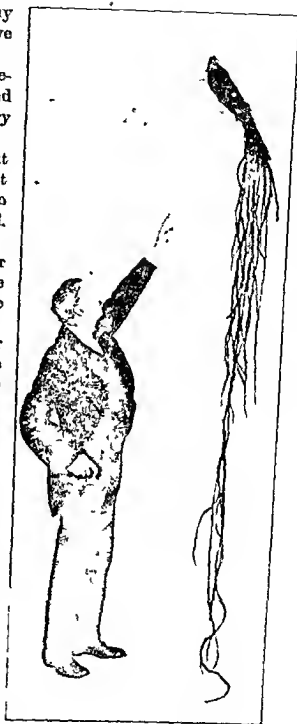
Then again, birds use their tails to balance themselves while in flight and to steer through the air.

Several monkeys and other animals find another use for the tail, that is, to grasp things and to hang by; in fact, it serves as an extra hand.

All the tails so far mentioned are *useful*, but that shown in our picture is not only *not useful*, but is a great nuisance to the owner.

This curious bird is a long-tailed cock from Japan. The breed is specially reared for the beauty of the tail, which grows to a length of from nine to eighteen feet. The bird has to be kept tethered on a high perch, so that his tail shall not be spoilt.

For an hour or so each day he is taken from his perch, and given exercise, his tail having been first carefully tied up in a ball, so that no harm shall come to it!



*(This is a very
A COCK FROM JAPAN, WITH TAIL FEATHERS OVER
TWELVE FEET LONG.*

A FINE GROUP OF LIONS

[Undwood.

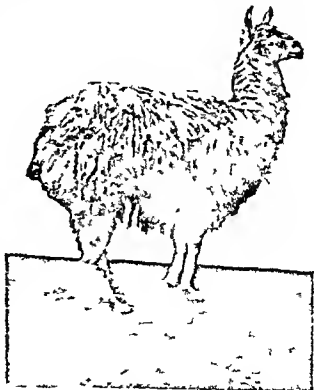




The Llama

WHEN visiting the Zoological Gardens you will have noticed the Llama's enclosure. It is quite close to the spot where you wait your turn to have a ride on the elephant. The name, by the way, should be pronounced "yama."

The beautiful shaggy coat of the llama and its graceful movements are most attractive. You will perhaps have noticed that in some ways it resembles the camel, but the llama does not possess a hump, and whilst the camel is thoroughly at home upon the desert, the llama delights in the solitude of the mountain. The reason for this is not far to seek, for the llama's feet are unsuited to the sands of the desert. It has two toes which are quite divided, and also possesses a pad, or cushion on each. Beyond this, it has hoofs pointed at the tips, and these are of a hooked character and take the place of claws. Thus it comes about that this graceful and useful animal finds it an easy



THE LLAMA

J.P. G. Cook

THE LLAMA

matter to tread securely over steep mountain slopes where a camel would come to grief

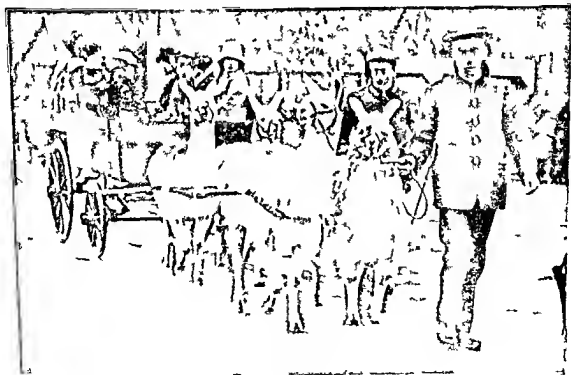
The llama is a beast of burden like the camel, but it is a curious fact that it refuses to carry loads beyond a certain weight. If overloaded, the knowing creature will lie down and refuse to budge an inch until the weight is reduced. Then, and then only, will the llama go on its way.

These animals are found at great heights. There are four different kinds—two species supplying us with wool, the other two being used as beasts of burden. The wool obtained from the llama is woven into what we know as alpaca, and that cool alpaca jacket your father wears in the summer was once growing in a raw condition upon the back of one of these interesting creatures.

In the long winter evenings young people could very well amuse themselves by taking pen and paper and making a list of the various kinds of animals from whom we obtain material wherewith to make clothing.

Boys and girls who do this will be surprised to find what a number of different animals are useful to us in this way.

W. P. W.



A NOVEL FOUR IN HAND

[Photograph]

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